



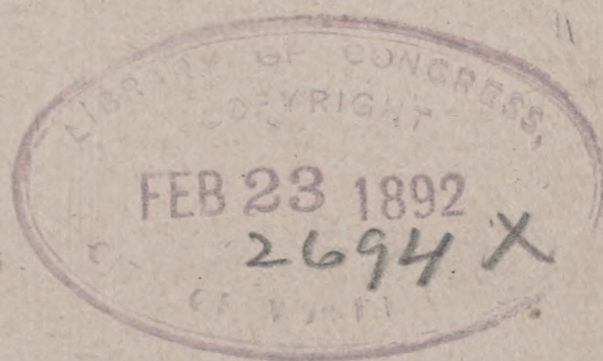




THE ADVENTURES  
OF  
JOHN PAS-PLUS

BY  
THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

*✓ Argyll, John G. E. H. D. S. C. 24 June 7*



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# THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN PAS-PLUS.

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## CHAPTER I.

It is not possible for me to write English, and therefore I use the pen of another man to tell the curious story of my life. French has been taught to me, and that is the language which I would seek to use were I to address myself to any of our countrymen who are themselves of French blood. But, although this is the case, I am not of French origin, but of English, or rather American. This sounds puzzling, and perhaps the impatient reader will exclaim, "What the devil does it matter who you are, go ahead with



your story." It has been my lot to see many impatient people, and the more impatient they become, the slower and more impassive do I grow; so there is no use in hurrying me, for deliberation has become a habit of my life, and rapidity of speech is not an attribute of the folk with whom my years of manhood have been passed. No, rather do they avoid speech except when to talk is necessary. Among those to whom I have spoken, and to whom I have opened my heart, have been men who deny that it is possible for me to recollect the first events which I recount as having been deeply engraven on my brain. At what age do we first seize upon things that happen so that we do not afterwards forget them? At a very early age, as I believe. A picture of some scene which has startled us, or, for some unknown cause, impressed us in almost infancy, may remain on the brain. To be



sure, its outlines and colouring may have been rendered more distinct afterwards in that we may have pondered over the incident we imagine we remember to have been acted. But there are cases where we remember things of which no man has ever spoken to us, but our souls alone seem to have been touched, and thrilled by feelings which made that scene remain, as some picture of a dream may remain, though most dreams pass and are lost for ever. It is something that frightens us, or that is very beautiful, which we recollect. The vacant, glassy eyes of an infant see things which they cannot fix; and although at that age we may smile or howl, we do not know afterwards that we have done so. But surely the eyes of children only just able to walk have another look, showing that there is an awkward intelligence behind them. Well, I believe that I remember the death of my mother,



but in this way only. I feel that a scene arises now before my eyes of her body lying with crimson about her, and that I tried in vain to make her pay attention to me. That this occurred I am certain, though no man ever told me of it. Why was she murdered? Ah! for no fault of hers. She was killed in a raid of redskins made on a frontier settlement of white people. I see this vague horror just as I would look on a waterfall or sunset flame. There must have been a fear and misery, or at least a wonder, in my half-conscious little mind, but it probably only partook of the character of a desire to possess that which could not be again had, namely, the fondling caress of the hands of the dead parent. If she made resistance, if there was a fight or not, none can tell; for I know not where to look for those who might yet tell of the attack and massacre. It is indifferent to me now what happened. The seeking



for assistance from that prone figure is all that fancy enables me to remember, and I have thought that there was a child like unto myself who strove with me to awake the dead mother, but I am not certain of this. I call this fancy, for that there was any wish or object in my mind is impossible, and may only be assumed from after knowledge of what was likely under the circumstances to have been my feeling. The figure lying silent is all that I can recall distinctly. And after this picture, which ever forms itself anew before me, as I search my memory, and endeavour to bring back some evidence which may show what I am, I know of nothing more for what must have been a prolonged period. The people who slaughtered my mother and her friends must have carried me away. Why they did not kill me also was never told to me, and indeed the strange transitions of my career would



have made it impossible that they should have enlightened me on the subject. The next occurrence that can be mentioned as remaining in my mind, was a hurt received in a baby or childish quarrel with a young Indian. Distinctly do I remember the pain of a blow on the head received from my tiny opponent. This again and nothing more of that time can I tell. The picture of the enraged face of the little Indian who struck me, of the gleam of joy in the bright eyes set in his brown visage; this seems to me to have occurred only yesterday, and yet it is how many years ago? The Great Spirit alone knows! But then come other memories thickly following each other, and distinct enough, as, for instance, the first time I was allowed to have a bow and an arrow in my hand, the lessons in its use I received from one tall man, who, lank and brown as a withered sedge, accompanied my walks, and shot to my great



admiration the grouse upon the trees, in the dark woods where my early childhood was spent. I loved that tall man, and he must have been fond of me, for he was my constant guide, companion, and teacher. Where it was we lived I know not. A great broad rushing river was near the tents where we dwelt. These tents were not made like those I knew afterwards ; they were of bark, or some similar material, and were not painted or decorated like those I subsequently knew. No, they were rougher and smaller, and we paddled about on the river water in little canoes. How well those first delights in paddling about in the water rise before me ! The merry laughter of the torrent rushing over the shallows, shrill like the songs of women, the heavy thunder of the white rapids, the dark clear pools and long river reaches reflecting all the woods, the green of their needles and leaves mingling with the



blue reflection of the sky, how well can these recollections be revived! But where these existed I know not. All this part of my life seems like a happy dream! And then again another impression is borne down the stream of time on me. I was not as the other children there. They looked upon me as different from themselves; of this there was an ever-growing consciousness in me, and I disliked it that they should thus look on me. Why was it? I was as strong as they, I could do as much in all games and in feats of childish rivalry. Some of them took me as a leader, but others again thought it wrong that this should be so, for I was not as they were. Why was this? It was long before I found it out, but the reflection of my face and body in the stream, the glance at my own limbs, told me that something had made me white and red, whereas they were brown. As years passed this was to my advantage, for



I was regarded by most of them as a superior being, and this I found was an idea easily sustained. There was none like unto me, and I could do more than they could in running, in leaping, in swimming. I grew up a young savage among savages. Yet is not the savage less inhuman than they who live together in large nations, whose end and object in their lives is to make themselves less and less able to live alone in the struggle for existence, and who render themselves so dependent on the goods their fellow-men have provided for them that if they find themselves deprived of their accustomed things to eat and shelter them, they die like the beasts? As time passed, when still a mere stripling, I was regarded as a young chief. Well do I remember the day when I was first allowed to accompany a party who were to make a forage upon a white man's settlement. The silent preparations



of the braves, the excitement among the women, the talk of the old men who recounted their deeds in long past days, the boasting of the younger among the men who were to take part in the fighting, of what they could do and had already done. One of these particularly struck my fancy, for he had been kind to me, and I admired him. Unlike the more seasoned warriors, he kept not silence. Perhaps he desired to make some impression on the hearts of the girls, for he strutted up and down before the wigwams when the girls were seated near the doors, and mimicked the feats he had performed a year before. He brandished his axe and bent his bow, and seemed now to be creeping up to his enemy, now to be shooting at him, and then, as though the mark had not been hit, to be engaged in deadly conflict, springing back, and then leaping forward, while his knife glistened in the air, and the war-whoop



resounded from his lips. Rapidly did my heart beat, as I too listened to him ; and greatly did I long to be able to tell of such deeds, and to be admired as he was. But alas ! he was not exempt from a love of brandy, or fire-water. Indeed, part of the veneration in which he was held in our camp was owing, not only to the performances that had justly signalised him in the field, but also to the fury he exhibited when he had drunk too deeply of the terrible brown fluid that made him mad. During the paroxysms of rage into which he fell when under its influence, he said things which made his friends believe that he saw not what the whites call the spirits in the bottle, but the viewless spirits of the air who seemed to talk with him, as he raged and shouted. Verily, he was not himself at these times. His kindness turned to cruelty, his voice was altered, his appearance became horrible.



He frothed at the lips and it was as though some demon possessed him. On other men, especially the more aged, the drink had not nearly so much effect as on the younger and stronger. In these the power of a thousand devils seemed to ferment in hideous orgy of anger. But with my own friend it was even worse than with the others. It was only too easy for our braves to get the stuff that made them so rabid. The traders were eager to sell the brandy to them for any peltries that could be given in exchange. The skin of one black fox, for instance, especially if he had a scattered number of white hairs, picking out the darkness of the rest of the fur, would be held of so much value by these traders that they would give enough brandy to drench our camp in spirits. It was easy for us to get furs, and with them the brandy was never lacking. Some of the old chiefs used to protest



against its use, and there was even an attempt made to prevent it by a law from being introduced into our hunting grounds. But the majority of our people would not join the women and old men who desired such prohibition, for they loved the liquor and would bring it by stealth when it was attempted to prevent its coming. Perhaps the traders were not so glad of it on this occasion, for it brought evil to these people as well as to us. But the change the drink made was sad for me, for before our attack was made, and as the preparations were beginning for the expedition, my friend filled himself with the terror-giving fluid, and his mind changed with his face. He was always kind to me when sober, but now he looked upon me with eyes of enmity and anger. "Who is this?" he cried, as though he had never seen me before, and then he laughed aloud and shouted, "Who is this? Will you not answer? Who are you



that you come among our people? You are a pale face, and a spy, and an evil-doer." I tried to pacify him, and told him that he knew well enough who I was; that I was the same young follower he had ever had, but I was frightened at his vehemence, thinking that the Great Spirit, the All Father, Manito, had taken his wits altogether away from him, and that he would become as I had seen those who had been bitten by rabid dogs, for these men frothed at the mouth, as my friend did on that day, and then they could not eat, nor drink, nor sleep, but died howling like unto sick beasts. And he too made as though he would bite me, and his eyes were full of blood, and his voice was like the voice of some other man crying out from the lips I knew. And when he rushed at me I leaped aside, and he fell and struck his head on a sharp stone, and lay there at my feet; and I thought he was dead, and went



and fetched others, and they bore him away, and I went near him no more. And on the morrow we departed from the camp, where I thought some of our people were not looking kindly at me, as though they too had heard the awful and lying words of my friend. Was he my friend still? I knew not. They told me he had already started ahead of the rest of our party. I believed not this, but went unquestioning, and not especially desirous to be under his protection as of old. "Wilt thou go?" asked one who marched with me, "wilt thou go on the war path when it may lead thee against those who are even as thou art? Manito made thee white as are those who send us the brandy and kill us with disease, and desire to take from us our lands. They are stronger than we, and thou must be of their race. Wilt thou war against thine own blood?" and I answered and said, "Yes, verily I will, for I



know not whence I came, and always my life and love have been with you, and the Indian is my brother, and his desire is mine, and his joy and grief are mine. Do I not wear the paint and feathers and war dress of thy people? Yes, though the colour may be put on the face and body, yet love must direct the warrior's arm. Paint changes not his heart. Neither does my colour change my wishes and my nature. If your enemies be like me, you know only the paint nature has put on me. If it bring any good fortune in battle, that good fortune shall tell for you. I will rob the pale men of their God's courage by showing them that there are such as they fighting against them. You will see their hearts will melt." "We will see," said another. "I had a dream that we should be victorious, and take the scalps of our enemies, because we had with us the young pale face, our brother, and that his wisdom was greater



than ours, and his counsel guided us." I was naturally pleased at hearing these sayings, and was quite ready to imagine that I was superior to my neighbours. They had often expressed their belief in the truth of dreams, and had said that they foretold events. And I often dreamed strange dreams, and walked in my sleep, which was considered as a proof that I was under some supernatural influence. Did my brown, or rather red, friends not also walk in their sleep when they were young? Perhaps; I know not. It is certain that they considered it to be in me a sign that I was possessed by another will than my own. Once in such a night dreaming I had arisen, and had gone in the dead of night through the sleeping camp, whose sentinels had, however, observed and followed me. Away from beyond the limits of the further lodges I had led them, into the wood, and then, making a half circle,



I reached the stream at a place where it dashed in capricious and boiling floods through a scattered collection of rocks. From point to point of these I had sprung, until reaching near to one which seemed inaccessible, so sundered was it from the rest, and so girded with the roaring waters, I had leaped with incredible agility, and gained its side, and had then slowly climbed it, and had stood like the white-headed eagle on the very pinnacle, where there appeared to be only room for the bird of prey. Then, as slowly descending, I had again traversed in my sleep, but with strangely staring eyes, the maze of maddened waters, passing from rock to rock like a winged thing, and had re-entered the wood, and again gained my couch, wholly unconscious of my act. I was told of it, and disbelieved it until there came upon me like a dim vision a sensation that such an experience had been mine, and I



ceased my denials, finding, not only that I was not believed, but that my friends deemed the denial only a part of the play, and that the incident had been one betokening that I was not as other men, and therefore to be more admired and followed. We unconsciously like to wear the garments of glory which others desire to cast on our shoulders. When it answers our object we are not unwilling to persuade ourselves of attributes which our former senses denied that we possessed. It may be that such temperaments as mine may exaggerate and confirm a latent power shown for the first time in some such act, by brooding over it, or encouraging the brain in fancies that lead it to fateful dreams. Whenever I was excited my dreams were most vivid, and this was especially the case when I had fasted. We often were compelled to fast from want of game, but, in addition to the natural and ever-recurring



periods when there was not enough to satisfy our hunger, it was the habit of the young men to prove themselves by fasting. This was carried to such an extent that I have gone without food for days, subsisting only on water, until faint and well-nigh dead. Then, when the trial was over, a feast would be prepared, and we overeat ourselves, so that both the empty and the overfed stomach gave birth to strange dreams and fancies. And now again on this occasion, when we were to go forth to war with the white men, I dreamed a dream, or was it a vision that took possession of me? During the noonday I saw many of our tribe walking about, but on each man's face was a ghastly pallor which made the paint with which they had bedaubed themselves yet more repulsive. They seemed to my eyes to be walking corpses, and I looked at them whom I knew and loved, and who



were indeed walking about in the strength and pride of manhood, and I shuddered and wept, for I saw them disfigured and bloated and gashed with wounds, and the wounds were not as we make them with our weapons,—the arrow, the tomahawk, and the knife,—but they were red holes with jagged edges. and in some cases the very skull seemed blown away. Ah! it was horrible to see, but I would not say what appeared, for it would have been considered unmanly, and our hearts were to be lifted unto the battle. Yet as I went with them in that march I was sad, and the natural exultation I had felt died away within me. We set out, accompanied by some of the military precautions which I afterwards found to exist among the whites, for scouts were sent in advance, although the whole country had been thoroughly spied out for the last month or two, and we knew almost



every animal that was in it, let alone the number of men whom we should have to encounter. An Indian does not move without preparation, nor does he fight his enemy readily unless he can take him at a disadvantage. We were pretty sure that we should succeed, or we would not have commenced operations when we did. In addition to the scouts far ahead, there was an advance guard organised. We crossed the river at which we were encamped, in our canoes, and shouting and yells accompanied the dip of the paddles as the flotilla crossed, full of painted braves. The march was through the forest, and the appearance of our men was formidable enough. Some were disguised not only by the colours on their faces, but by the change made in the manner in which they had covered their whole bodies with paint. One had made himself as dark as charcoal, and the ribs were marked out in white, so



that he looked like a moving skeleton, an effect still further enhanced by the whitening of his face save where great black circular marks denoted the eye-hollows. His teeth were also made to look as if they stood forth out of fleshless jaws. Yet another was all striped in red ochre and black. The individual fancy led each man to make himself as horrible as possible. As the spring had but lately come, tunics of leather were worn at night only, so that the action of the march should not incommode the bearer, and yet that he might have cover against the cold, when it might not be advisable to light fires for fear of discovery. A single bunch of feathers decorated the top of the heads, where the long hair was massed and tied in a way that made the man seem far taller than he really was. Hide-made baldricks and quivers held the bows and arrows, and each of the band had his hatchet and sharp-edged dagger. In long single file



we entered the woods, and tramped on in silence, our legs being protected with fringed garments of skin, which were held up by a strap attached to a belt, and beginning at the upper part of the thigh reached down to our moccasined feet. Wallets held food which had been prepared so as to give us a week's provisions. "Ugh," grunted our leader, "May the Great Spirit allow living men to feed on these provisions. But if any of us lie dead, they will serve for the journey of the warrior's spirit into the happy hunting grounds, and the dried meat shall be laid with his arms in his grave."



## CHAPTER II.

It was the early spring-time, and the sun was already hot by day, but the nights were cold enough, and we were glad to have fires when we halted on the first few evenings of our march. The maples and birches and other trees were bare, but the fir trees and the thickets of cedars gave us shelter from the winds, and it was our habit to bivouac under the lee of a clump of these. We did not camp beneath their boughs, because the snow still lay underneath them, for the thick branches prevented the rays from melting the snow in the shade, and yet the snow was damp and unlike the winter snow when it is so dry and powdery that the firelight illumines it, but has no



further effect upon it. Then, indeed, it is a pleasure to light the fire in a space cleared of the hard snow, whose white walls reflect the glow, and add rather than detract from the heat. On the tenth day we lit no fire, for we were approaching the settlement. And now what was it that induced this band, among whom I had found a home, to begin anew the strife, into which they were plunging, with a hatred for the pale faces that could only be quenched in their blood? It arose from the encroachment made by the white men on the fishing-grounds as well as on the hunting-grounds of the natives. At first, they had not ventured far inland, but now they had advanced up the rivers, and had launched their boats upon the lake, and the salmon and the whitefish, with which the Indians had largely fed themselves, had become the prey of the invaders. Payment had been claimed by the natives from one



fishing party, and had been refused. It was again asked on the next occasion, when nets had been thrown into pools much used by the Indians, and again refused; and then a quarrel had ensued, ending in the death of one of the Indians from a musket shot. The strangers were too well armed for successful resistance to be made to them, and they returned with only one member of their expedition wounded by an arrow. Vengeance was loudly called for, but the headmen, knowing the peril of an attack advised that it might be postponed. The fight, if so it could be called, had happened in the autumn, and it was resolved to lull the settlers into security before commencing any hostilities against them. So, during the long winter days and nights, the appetite for revenge had been studiously whetted. Old men told of early encounters with the whites, of their ruthlessness, of the immunity with



which some attacks had been made, until that part of the country where they had occurred had been almost freed of any presence but that of the red sons of the soil. The difficulty that must be overcome before any pursuit could be successful, the speed with which they themselves could travel, their superior acquaintance with the ravines, passes and forests, all were enlarged upon, until a persuasion had taken possession of the mind that bearding the strangers was, after all, no such difficult undertaking. To be sure, arrows against guns were insufficient weapons, but a few guns had been obtained by the tribe, and it was suggested that, once a successful onslaught were made, it would be possible to possess themselves of more. And then, should defeat and a repulse have now to be endured, it would be possible to raise other tribes to help them, if dire extremity make it desirable



to do so. At present, any plunder obtained by victory would belong to their tribe alone, and need not be divided with others. These were considerations that determined my tribe to act alone in seeking redress for the last year's wrongs. We were a party of only sixty-five in all, but when it is taken into account how quick and unexpected was to be our attack, and rapid our retreat, the number engaged seemed more than enough. On the tenth day of our march we saw the forest smoking ahead of us, and found a belt of fir trees burning. It was a curious sight to see the fire smouldering in the blackened trunks, while the snow was melted, and the ground about them was damp and boggy through the unnatural thaw produced by the conflagration. Much burning wood lay about, and I laughed as I saw our men deliberate before putting foot among the flakes. The courageous way in which they advanced was



checked, and men painted like devils dropped their haughty airs, and pranced about when stung by the burning embers, or performed ridiculous antics in trying to avoid them as they zig-zagged about, jumping now here, now there, to avoid injury to their feet. But at last we all got through this belt of wood, some of us a little scorched and blackened by a few falls among the débris left by the flames. Soon afterwards our scouts came back to us, and told us that the settlers were in sight. Great caution was now exercised, and we crept forward as though we were "still hunting," as indeed we were, the most difficult game. I was allowed to accompany the line which, instead of being headed towards the enemy, had been "deployed," and was now again pushing its cautious way in a long string, each man abreast of his comrade, but at some distance from him. Very slow was our progress, for



we desired not to break even one rotten twig on the ground, but to come upon the enemy without allowing him a moment for preparation. Ah! what an unresisting foe we found before us! After the pine and fir thickets, a portion of which had been ablaze, were passed, there was a great area of copse, and then, rising over the poplar and birch, appeared the lofty crowns of heavy woods of maple. Among these it was difficult to make our way unseen, for ahead of us we distinctly saw a number of white women and men employed in the peaceful task of gathering the maple sugar from the trees. They had lit a great fire in one part of the wood, and over this were suspended many large kettles. Each maple tree around had been tapped, that is, a spigot of wood had been fixed into a hole made in the bark, and the rich sap mounting the tree in the spring season, was sending a thin trickle of white



liquor up the trunk, and it was exuding through these little pipes inserted by the industrious whites. The drops that fell were caught below in rough wooden troughs placed so that they could be easily lifted when full, and their contents transferred to the kettles as they hung over the fire. Our eyes glistened as do the hunters' when they see their game; and it was resolved to retire, and to effect a "surround," so that none might escape. The thoughts of the poor Indian slain during the previous year was in the minds of all of us, and we determined that his spirit should not walk unavenged the fields where we believed him now to be wandering, and mindful of the cruel fate he had met in the underworld. So we retired, and then, spreading out in a wide circle, we gave time to our two wings to get well in front, and then we bore down on the settlement, the awful yell rising only when we knew that our comrades gave the signal.



Consternation seized the unfortunate people. Some of the men had guns, and ran to them and fired them, but in an instant the arrow and tomahawk did their work, and none but the wounded and the women remained. Piercing were the yells of the victors and terrible was the agony of fear that seized on the poor white women. They huddled together, their children clinging to them, and seemed too distracted even to weep. Well might they have fear, for they were destined first to see the wounded among the prisoners tortured, and then themselves to be slain. There was no mercy to be found among the savages into whose hands they had fallen. Guarded by several of our men, they were allowed to remain where they sat, while others went and brought in the wounded ; of these there were four whose hurts were not mortal. They had been so successful in preserving their lives that the Indians said in derision they would



still give them more chances than the others. Before they bound them to stakes to be tried by the pains they knew so well how to inflict, they would see how their nerves bore the chance of a speedier death. Some of the young men were desirous of trying their skill as archers, why not try it upon those who had shot their comrade? And this plan they carried out that night. Darkness would add zest to the amusement, while the victims were to be placed in the light of a fire. They were made to stand in a row, and the young men taking their bows retired to some distance, for it was not wished that the prisoners should die by this speedy method. The range, therefore, was made unreasonably great that the test of sending the arrow far might be brought to bear, and further, another test was added which rendered it yet more unlikely that any wounds inflicted would be serious. Three arrows were to be discharged



by each man as quickly as possible, and he who shot them off the quickest together with accuracy of aim should have the biggest prize in plunder of the victim's effects. The women prisoners were to be made to watch close to the scene of execution the flight of the arrows. Great was the excitement about this game, which harmonised well with the red men's love both of cruelty and of gambling; they would put everything they had to the hazard, and each man backed his favourite to shoot off the arrows the quickest and to shoot the straightest. I was one of those appointed to guard the women as they were made to sit on the ground close to the four men who were to become living targets. A blaze from a pine wood fire lit up the scene, and made the darkness of the maple grove about us yet more gloomy. The four slightly wounded men took their places after giving each other a grasp of the hand. They stood



in a row, their contracted features, set with pain and anxiety, seemed doubly gaunt and marked as the firelight played on them, and they looked out into the darkness whence should come the hissing messengers of death. The pleasure of the Indian marksmen was enhanced by allowing time to elapse before they commenced their game, and we waited and watched. At last we heard the singing of an arrow, and it fell at the foot of the man who stood furthest from us, and in an instant came the hiss of two more shafts, one of which missed, and the other stuck in the man's leg. The second man was then shot at, and he, more fortunate than his neighbour, received the third dart in his chest and sank apparently lifeless. Then the third stood as a mark, and he escaped altogether, all their shafts directed against him falling short. Would the fourth prisoner be equally fortunate? Probably not, for the "whip" of the



feathered missile was again heard, and it struck in a tree above the man's head. A loud cry was now heard, and before I could prevent it, a girl was seen clinging to the fourth man's neck. It was his daughter, a girl of about sixteen years, who with a leap had passed me, and had clung to her father's neck, in the very path of the coming arrows. Simultaneously with her cry came the archer's second shaft, and it entered deeply into her side, and her arms released their hold and she fell moaning at her father's feet. The last arrow flew high. She had saved her parent's life, but apparently at the sacrifice of her own. He flung himself on her body, and cursed and wept, and clenched his fist at the darkness that had delivered the arrows. But now the archers came with shouts to see the effect of their shots, and the girl was borne away, the father being detained only by a blow that



knocked him senseless, for he struggled like a madman. Then an Indian shot him as he lay, and laughed and said he could not miss him now. I had not been conscious of any feeling of compassion for these people. No, I felt an enjoyment of the excitement attending all the proceedings of the Indians, and I looked forward with satisfaction to the prospects of the scenes of torture and death on the morrow. It may be strange that this should have been so, but I was animated with hatred against the settlers, because I had heard so much said against them in the camp. We like or we dislike according to our preconceived ideas, and the speech of others often heard and believed sinks into our souls and colours them with the hate or love that is generated by some prior experience. All feelings arise from experience, either personal or got from other men. We enjoy that we are told by our elders we



should enjoy, or that we see our comrades praising and appreciating. That which by common consent we are told we should despise, or for which we should have an aversion, is the thing we are inclined to detest. Teaching makes thought in the young. Our own pains or joys make thought in us as we grow older, and tell us what we should approach and what we should fly from. Cruelty to those beings which have no claim upon our feelings is the natural bent of man. To cut off the legs of living flies is an amusement to a boy. To see enemies suffer is the natural predilection of man. Even without enmity we naturally like to see the odd contortions of creatures in pain, unless we are told by feeling or experience that we suffer with them. Thus I did not feel any aversion, but a queer kind of inquisitive and anxious joy to see the writhings under the torture of these white



people, and wondered if their flesh would burn like the red man's flesh, and if it would hurt them as much as it hurt the Indian. It was said that they cried out far more than any of my tribe would if they were tortured. Was that so? We should see. But in the night-time I dreamed one of my dreams. Behind each of the prisoners, as they were being prepared for the torture, I saw a something stand just over them, one and all. That something seemed sometimes a mere luminous cloud, and at others it took the shape of the prisoners, but far stronger in form and very terrible in aspect. These luminous beings behind the crouching forms of the wounded captives were variously clad or coloured in shining and changing degrees of light, and the look of them struck terror into me. It seemed also to me as though each guardian spirit fixed his gaze on several of us, and it was borne in upon my under-



standing that each would account a certain number of us as the especial slayers of the prisoner behind whom he stood, and would wreak an unutterable vengeance upon us. And dreaming thus, I was not conscious that I arose, but arise I did, and I passed out of the sleeping circle around the fire, and I gazed with my staring eyes at the warders of the prisoners, and these guards were taken with sleep also, and knew not what they did, and they were compelled to do as I did, and to follow me, and repeat each action of mine that I performed in my deep sleep. They came with me and I passed among the prisoners, and I loosed their bonds, and led them away an hour's journey through the woods. And then I turned upon my followers, and willed that they should go to the camp, and I went on alone with those of the prisoners who could walk, the women and the children, and I



became conscious, and awoke, and knew not where I was; but it seemed to me that the dream I had dreamed was true, and that I should not turn, but should lead them yet further, and for another hour or more I led them away in the path that they knew, and I did not. Before morning dawned we were seen of the white men who came, and I allowed myself to be taken unresisting, and they wondered much to see me, white like themselves. The women were, however, clamorous in their gratitude, and wailed and sobbed, and had only a smile for me,—and thus I passed into the settlement of the white men, who were coming to join those who already lay slaughtered, though they knew it not, until told by their women, when they ran about getting arms, and started on the track we had made. And my nature seemed changed by the dream, for I did not desire to return to those who were on the war path,



but remained with the white women, and was glad when their warriors returned bringing back the girl who was wounded with an arrow as she sought to defend her father's life. But when she could not see him, she exclaimed "Then he is killed," and fainted, nor could they console her when she came to herself, but she lay for weeks between life and death, but her strength made the wound heal. She would speak only to me who had wished to save him, and found pleasure in seeing me. After a time she would also see a priest of whom I was jealous. Great was the joy of my new friends to find that she might recover, but I soon began to feel sad, for I could not understand the language of the white men, though I was even as they. But they were all so kind to me that my heart went out in gratitude to them, and it seemed to me that a powerful spirit yet lingered behind each one of them, as I had seen it in my dream, and I



wondered if behind me also there glided a strong Presence, and I asked by signs but received no intelligible reply. Even had I wished to go away, these men would not have allowed me. They considered me a prisoner whose soul as well as body must be saved, and much was I tormented with their too great desire to teach me more things than at first I cared to know. Perhaps it was the good food I found with them that took from me at first the desire to be back again with my ancient comrades. Strong food often taken makes the body and soul lazy. Man must fast and gorge to have the benefit of the full power of spirit and of body. Their food I liked, and their kindness was grateful to my body, but I cared not to think of any of them, except of that girl who had flung herself into the way of our arrows. Of my own folk's welfare I did ask, and by signs I was made to understand that they had got back to their



own lands. And time passed and my meals were heavy and regular, so that I never fasted and my soul seemed asleep, and my dreams ceased, and lazily and indifferently did I marvel at the change, and asked if the Great Spirit had forsaken me, for of old I was held in reverence for the dreams the Great Spirit sent to me. But I gradually learnt many words of the language spoken by the white men, which was the French language. Then did I find also that they had strifes and combats not only with the Indians but with other white men, and I knew by their talk that their chief whom they all obeyed was called Louis, and that the others against whom they fought had a chief called George and George and Louis were always quarrelling, although it was told me that these two men were far away from each other, and yet they quarrelled. They were also said to be far away from us, and yet their quarrels



touched us. They were also said not to know and never to have seen the goods for which they quarrelled, and yet their strife was said to be bitter. Some said that both George and Louis wanted to get our Indian lands, but others said that Louis wanted to be our friend, and that George would not let him be so. Anyway George was a bad man, and I imagined both George and Louis to be white braves, and was told that one painted his face and body a bright red, and Louis had a blue face and body, and the language of the last was much the easiest to understand. So I said I would be Louis's man. Louis and George had not used arrows for a long time, indeed they had never been near enough to each other to use them, and they tried to frighten each other by carrying flowers, probably poisonous, in their hands, for Louis carried a lily and George a rose. Yet



more. I heard, that the wampum they used in making treaties was a mark in the wax of the wild bee coloured red, made in the likeness of these poisonous flowers they carried with them in all their expeditions. Although their chiefs cared more for these flowers than for anything else, yet their people called them warriors, so they must, I thought, work with magic, and probably walked in their sleep as I did, when my meals were not regular. I was soon told that I was to fight for Louis, whom I wished first to see, but was told that was impossible, and that none of his people who were now to fight for him had seen him, so I concluded he was a blue spirit like the coloured spirits I had seen in my dream behind the white prisoners, and that it was only in dreams that Louis could be seen by his people. I was told that many Indians were fighting for him, and that I



would be placed with them as soon as I had got a little more of the language, for I might have to bear the messages of one party to the other, and get more Indians to help Louis to kill George. So I talked to many and was glad when they told me that the young white girl was cured. Then I again saw her, and she was grateful to me, and she seemed very beautiful in my eyes, and I was very sorry to leave her to go to fight against George. This I had to do after staying in the white settlement some time, of which season I will only speak a little.



### CHAPTER III.

THE young girl who had saved her father's life on the night when my former comrades shot at him in the wood, their aim being guided by the fire which had been kindled near him, was the cause of my being reconciled to the captivity I endured with her people. Her devotion had been in vain, and her father had been killed. I did not speak of it. She became so stricken when she recurred to the event that I could hardly understand her. But she sought me out when she was stronger, and had recovered from the wound made by the archer, and told me she was grateful for what I had done in saving her and the others. I did not say that it was all because of a dream.



Indeed I boasted often to others of my deed as though I had performed some very brave exploit. This boasting I had learned in the Indian camp, and I thought it becoming in a warrior to boast, especially if a girl's ear could hear what was said. So she believed that she owed her life and the lives of her friends to me, and she sent for me, seeking me out above all men. She looked at me long before she spoke, and then she said, "John, for I hear your name is John"—this, by the way, was quite new, to me—"John, you know what has happened to me, how the father whom I loved above all is dead. I believe you would have saved him, as you saved the others, but your wish, and my prayer, were not granted by God. Now tell me about yourself, and how it is that you, a white youth, were among the Indians, and pretend that you can only speak Indian. Why is this?" "I know not, O daughter



of chiefs," I replied, and in setting down my words I must be understood as setting down more the purport of my thoughts than of my words, for I could only speak in French in broken sentences, quick as I was to catch up the meaning of phrases, for I was young, and in youth the acquisition of language is easy. Besides, she understood a little of our speech, so that my language was mixed, and yet she seemed to understand. "I know not more than you. I know I am white like you. It is no paint that covers my body," and I lifted my tunic and showed my side. "My body is white like yours, but I have lived all the years I remember with the red men, and I am as one of them. Yet now that I have seen you I wish to be all white in soul as well as in body." Then I began to boast. I said, "You are a chieftainess, and I used to be held as a chief, though I am young, but I can compel men to do that which I



wish them to do. This power I have felt in me, and it was I who made the guards let you go, for power was given me over them. Perhaps if they had not obeyed my will and had not remained mute and still when I looked upon them I might have killed them, but it was not needed; and it was because you were there that this power was exercised upon them. Often have my people declared they felt as though they were stricken when my eye looked into their eye," and then I was gratified by the girl saying, "It is true you have a powerful eye, as well as a brave heart, and that is why you must not be as those savages, but must dwell with us, and we will show you the ways and the thoughts of the white man. Great as you think your cleverness, and that you can do much by merely looking at people, the influence of my folk is far greater than that of any savage though he rise



to be a great magician among them. For we possess all the knowledge of matters our fathers discovered, as well as what we have found out ourselves, and have lost little of the old learning, but have added to it. You know how much better powder and a musket are than the old arrows, so much more powerful is our knowledge to that of which you are proud. This will we teach you, and you shall be one of us in thought and knowledge, as I believe you are in blood and brain. "And will you teach me?" I asked, wondering, for she seemed so young, but yet she was far older than I in the wisdom of the white men. "Yes, I will, John, I will teach you, for although you remind me of this sad time and of the death of my dear, dear father, yet you are pleasant to me in my thoughts, for you did what you could to make me happy, for you would, I know, have saved him." This was not quite the case, but



she looked so unhappy and thin and ill, that I felt that which I had never felt before to my knowledge. I felt pity, and the compassion that arose within me seemed a new feeling, for the impulse that had made me save the prisoners was a quick impulse, and different from this sensation, which appeared to me like an ache, as if someone had bruised my heart, or had broken a sinew somewhere within me that would not heal; and this feeling kept on giving pain without any excitement to take it away. And I felt that **a**nanything this girl desired of me, that would I do, and that there was no fatigue or even suffering that I could not endure for her sake. Then my spirit seemed to search out her spirit, and to commune with it when I was not in her presence, and I thought I knew what she was doing and thinking, and although this was probably not true, yet it was curious how, when we did encounter each other,



her eyes always met mine, and how she seemed no stranger to me, and once she told me that it was to her as if she had known me long ago, and that the events of some of that time which had been so sad for her had brought back scenes of infancy in which she somehow fancied me to be moving, only that my presence was not as it then was, but was as a little child. It had even been remembered by her that she had walked long long ago with a child with eyes like my eyes, although she said that she now felt effects from the look of my eyes which she had never felt before. And she taught me to speak French, and she told me of her great God, but I did not believe in the number of little gods she seemed to have, for the Indian belief was in me that Manito is the one God, and that there is only One to whom we must pray for victory in battle, and that anything else has no power to



defeat our enemies. But I loved to do what she told me when she commanded me to go to hear the sounds of the music her people made when they called on their Manito, and on his Mother, for they called to the Mother as well as the Son of Manito. The settlement of the white men was on the banks of a great river, a river so wide that the eye can only see the opposite shore on clear days, or from a little height. It was rather a lake, for the river received the tides of the sea, and was so wide that one could only see the mountain tops on the other side. And there, in the settlement by the shore of the great waters, there was a very big wigwam built, with a sharp tower in form of a pine tree, and in this tower were bells that were rung, and made a beautiful noise, unlike anything I had ever heard before; and in the great building attached to the tower the religious men wore beautiful dresses and sang the



beautiful music that I delighted to hear. The settlement was quite unlike our Indian camp, for although we had a stockade and grew some corn, the whites had a much better kind of palisade, and ditches to defend their place, and their houses were many in a very large enclosure, most of them gathered about the big building they called the church, and their fields were in long strips, each ending at the water, and many of these corn lands were at some distance from the houses and the church. And I watched all their doings with much curiosity, and loved to hear the girl talk and explain matters, and to be in the evening taken by her to the church, for then the moon would make a bright path over the waters of the lake, and against the light of this the tower where the bells were hung would rise up dark and slender, and the roofs of the houses and of the church itself would glance with a sheen like the



sheen on the water, only whiter, for the roofs were covered with little plates of shining metal, and they were high roofs, and made to cover deeply the walls in which were the doors and windows pierced; and often these houses stood each with a corner built into the roadway, and not as with us, where all the wigwams are in the straight line, but set at an angle so that a window or two in each house looked down the path or street that lay between the rows of houses. This I thought done for defence, and thought that our lodges should be arranged something like this, so that each lodge should look down or up the line of the central avenue. We had many things to learn of the whites, and this was one of them. But I did not think that their houses were more comfortable than ours, nor did I like the open land so much as the wood. They were not so quick at learning how to orna-



ment their dress or the interior of their sleeping places, nor had they the talent of arranging porcupine quills in patterns of good colour like our squaws, who beautifully decorate our dresses, even down to our feet, and know how to dye the quills, so that they look better than any arrangement of beads. What most amazed me was their power of having many guns, for only a few old fusils had reached our nation, but here all the men had light strong guns, which could kill a long way off. Soon I also saw some of their men who do nothing but fight, and they came in a great ship, which had three tall pine trees in the midst, and on these hung the sails, and mighty guns bellowed thunder amid clouds of smoke from this immense war canoe. There were hundreds of men upon her, and a white flag was shown with those lilies, which, I was told, Louis their chief carried with him wherever he went. It



seemed that his braves carried these golden lilies also, but only as a picture on their flag. And canoes came from the big ship and landed hundreds of men, who carried knives at the end of their guns. And they made me go with them, for they said I would be of use to speak to other Indians whom they had got to fight on their side. And I did not wish to go, but they compelled me, and so after a few days I left the settlement with them. Before I went I saw my little white girl friend, and she gave me a medal, which I put round my neck. We marched many days along the river. These men were not fleet of foot, but they did not seem in a hurry, and at last we came to a place where there was a great waterfall, that leaped from a cliff down into a wide shallow pool, and then the stream that made the cascade joined the big river. And further up the country there seemed to be no end of the river, for it swept



around a great island, all green, that lay in the middle of it; and looking beyond this we saw a wide valley that scooped out the country, and then, far away, a hilly cape jutted out into the river, and on this were houses that glanced in the sun like the roofs I had seen in the settlement. Often the light on these was strong enough to cast a reflection in the wide waters at the base of the cliff where the current swept strongly down towards us. At evening and at noon-day a little cloud of smoke would curl away from the top of the cliff, and the sound as if many guns had been fired off all at once, would be wafted down to us by the wind. But I had seen the ship make such noises, and knew it was the discharge of what they called cannon. I was told that there were many more like those which made this loud noise upon the top of that flat-topped hill away over the water. Behind us where we now were,



the cliffs shot down to the river's edge from a tableland that rose into wooded mountains, much higher than any others in the neighbourhood, for the other side of the river opposite to us seemed at a distance to be comparatively flat, and one could see a long way in that direction under the rays of the southern sun. And about the high waterfall and all along the cliff edge, and also at places further away, I saw trenches and armed men. It was here that I found also Indians, and although their speech was not quite the same as that I spoke, yet I could understand them and they me, and we had many talks together. Never did I believe there were so many men in the world as were there assembled; they appeared countless as the sands of the river; and soon there came more both from the land and from the water, for more ships brought more men, and the ships passed on after landing their soldiers, and remained



near the high cape which was crowned with the towers and buildings I had first noticed. It was only a day or so after that when we saw many white sails coming up the river; and a vast number of ships appeared, looking like floating snow-banks amid the blue waters of the stream. The wind brought them along until we could see them off the point of the island opposite to us; and many of Louis's soldiers that were on the island left it, and came across in boats to us. And then these new strange ships, which had flags with cross lines on them in red, sent away from their sides a cloud of boats numerous as the stars, and landed the men who were in them on the island. They were clothed in red. I thought they were painted red, but that was only the hue of their clothes. They were white men in red jackets, and our cannon fired at them, and their big ships soon became hid in smoke, for their cannon fired at us, and I heard the



sound of the great balls of iron that flew among us with a noise like the noise of rapids flowing past rocks. And soon they landed more men on the opposite side. Before many weeks had passed they had cannon on the island, cannon on the shores opposite, and fronting the cape; and all day long these men shot their cannon-balls at each other across the water, until the town of the men on the cape burnt, and the smoke ascended to the sky, just like the smoke when a forest begins to burn. It seemed to me that the thunder of the clouds had made its home on earth, and I trembled, but soon I became accustomed to the noise, which made the ground beneath my feet to shake; and I looked on at this fierce war, and delighted in the blaze of the flame of the great guns. But I lay down behind the walls of earth, or behind some ravine, when it began, for the rushing shot cut the air, and screamed and



roared above us, and sometimes cut men in two. One morning, in the heat of summer, I saw three vessels towering over the waters come sailing near to the foot of the cliffs, and I went to the edge of the cliffs to see the pretty sight, for they were full of men in red; but, as I was looking, guns behind me, and on each side of the waterfall, began to shoot, and the ships again fired, and I ran back, for again the air was full of the sound of the passage of the balls, as though great birds were flying past my ears. But in a little time, unable to satiate my curiosity where I was, I crept forward, and saw that many boats were disembarking red-jacketed men below us. And now the little guns our men held in their hands began to crack, crack, crack, just like the trees in the wood crack in winter when it is very cold. But now it was as if millions of trees were cracking all at the same time in the frost, on this



hot midsummer day, and the red jackets leaped on to our shore and rushed up close under a bank that seemed to give them some shelter, and they massed themselves into two great red blocks. Then men in front jumped forward waving long knives they call swords, and the others followed them with a shout I could hear even above the noise that the guns and the waterfall made, and poured onward, a red torrent. Yet as they advanced many fell, and then yet more, until the ground was covered with the slain and the wounded, and at last, just as they were near a line of cannon which were placed behind an earth wall, I could see through the smoke that the rush was stopped, and that the red torrent was flowing back. The ships made the echoes sound again with the fury of their cannon, but I could see the boats again receiving the men who got back to the shore, and they left



rowing hard for the ships, with less than half of those who had attacked; and then one of our blue-jacketed chiefs rode up, and waved to me and some Indians who had been hiding in the ravine to go down to where the wounded were. We rushed down, and found that few shots were directed to us, and we ran among the wounded red jackets with our knives and we killed all we found breathing, and we snatched at their hair, and the scalping began and was not finished until we each of us had got a scalp as a trophy, when we climbed the cliff and showed our bloody tokens to our friends, who laughed. But soon a party of men on horseback came along, for now the firing had ceased, and the three ships that had come so near had allowed the current and the wind to take them away from the scene of slaughter. The man who rode foremost was beautifully dressed, as were also his



companions. At last he came to us, and we gave a yell and held up to him the scalps of his enemies. But he rode close to us, and seemed very angry, and called out to find out who it was who had allowed us to go down among the wounded. One man said it was not he who had told us, and another said it was not he, and several more denied it. I, from my knowledge of French which had been taught me by the girl, knew what he said, and what the others answered. But all they said to him made him yet more angry, and he swore by St. Louis that it was a shame to the arms of Christians that this should have happened, and that "ces sauvages" should not have been prevented from exercising this cruelty. "God will reward us for this, gentlemen," he said, and turned and rode away. I asked who that man was, and the men near me said that was the Marquis of Montcalm, and that they did not like



him so much as another great chief they called the Marquis de Levis. It was some days after the big battle in which the men of the chief Montcalm had routed the enemies they called the English, that a soldier came to me and told me that I was to follow him, and that I should probably get a present if I did so. We walked together past the stream of the tall waterfall and along a path that led towards the high cape with the city upon it. There was still much smoke always rising from the burnt buildings of this city and the guns on the top of its hill were always firing across at the guns of the English, so that in this place alone the battle seemed never to be finished. Elsewhere all was quiet, and there were large fields in long strips on each side of our road, filled with corn and pastures in which were cattle, and there was other grain grown that I did not know with a little yellow flower. We



passed many small houses standing apart from each other, and then we came to a village like the settlement of the whites that I first knew. There was a big church, as they called the place where they pray, with a tower sharp pointed like a spear, and further on was a larger house built of stone, with steep roof that hung over the walls like the brow of a man over his deep-set eyes. But this house had many eyes or windows, and about it were trees and flowers. The soldier led me to the gate. I still wore the Indian dress, but as I had no paint on, I looked like the soldiers who came to meet me at the gate, and they seemed surprised at me, and some laughed, at which I felt very angry, and turned on one as though I would stab him, but they held out to me a little bag of tobacco and made signs of friendship, and I entered with them and was conducted into a room near the door that opened to the garden



I had entered. They said to me that I was welcome to Charlebourg, for that was the name of the settlement. I looked out of the window and saw the land slope away below me to a narrow river that entered the great stream, and beyond the narrow river rose the cape with the town; and the air was so clear that I could see all the houses and the windows, and the lines of wall on which the cannon were placed which shot out clouds of smoke every now and then, when the thunder of the discharge came to my ears some time after I saw the smoke come forth. Soon I turned, for I heard a step behind me, and I saw Montcalm, the officer who was the chief. He was dressed in his blue coat with some gold about it, and was not a tall man. But he seemed resolute, and had a brave's countenance, with eyes that could look on death unmoved, and a mouth that would not open to cry at pain. And he looked at me and remained grave as



a warrior should always be, and said, "I am told that you speak French. Where do you come from?" And I replied, "From the settlement in the east near the ocean, and from the woods beyond where I was born." "But you are white like me, you are not an Indian?" "I know of no parents but the Indians unless dreams be true, and sometimes I have dreamed that I remember that my parents were killed, but if they were white I know not." Then the chief smiled, and asked, "Who taught you our language?" "A little girl," I replied, "whom I saved with her people in a fight in the spring, and she has taught me, with others, and I learn quickly. Sometimes I dream that the girl is my sister, for we seemed to care about each other, and men say we are very like, but all white men and white women seem much alike to me." Montcalm smiled again, and I thought that so great a warrior should not smile so often, and then he said,



“ You do not seem to love all white men from the way in which you went with our savages to scalp those poor wounded English the other day. Hark to me now. I desire to send you among other Indians to get them to come to fight for us. The danger is past for the moment, because as you have seen I can turn back the dogs, and kill them when they come to attack me. They have had enough, I think, for the year, but they are brave dogs who hang on to a man when they have once tried to bite him, and I desire more of the tribes to come and to fight, for we have too few of the men who know the country, and the Canadians are not numerous enough to make the victory as complete as I desire. Besides, they have their cattle and corn to attend to, and I want men who will explore the country and attack the enemy everywhere, should their ships not take them away again. To the south there are many



more whites, and these may attack me also.”

“Many more?” I asked in surprise. “I thought I had seen here all the white men who have ever been born.” “No, you are wrong there. What is your name?” “They called me John in the settlements.” “And what was the name of the girl who taught you French?” “They called her Marie Huot, and she called me John Pas-plus, because when first I learnt French, I did not say much more. When they asked me questions, and said if John was my first name I must have a second one also, I said ‘pas plus’ often to show them I could speak no more, so ‘Pas-plus’ most of them called me.”

“Good. Then, Jean, I shall give you good presents, and make you a rich man if you do as I tell you, but if you turn against my men I shall know how to find you and punish you wherever you may be.” I was angry at this and said that I would do nothing unless I



was trusted. He then told me that I was to enter into his service, and that he trusted me, else he would not have sent for me, and he gave me a knife, and a medal which I put round my neck with the medal Marie had given me, and said I was his man. I asked what he required me to do. “ I will give you a companion who has travelled much, and knows great part of the country, and you and he will go by the paths he knows, and you will take wampum with you, for two other men shall accompany you as your servants, and carry things the Indians value, and you shall travel and make treaties of friendship with other tribes, and tell them that if they come here they shall receive food and goods and be rich like the French. I will give them guns, so that they need never more be in want if they will fight for a time with me. I never break my promises like the whites to the south, the false English, whom you have seen



I can defeat. Tell them of my victory and that they need fear nothing. I will provide food and shelter for them, and they shall not feel the cold when they are with me, for they shall never be hungry. In your wanderings you will find that many will have heard already of me, for we have good men who have gone to stay with those tribes, and teach them French, as you were taught by your girl friend, and their hearts will perhaps have been made favourable to the message you will give them, for they will know that the God of the French is a God who will not allow His people to perish, but will give them victory after victory. Will you go, and become rich, and return a famous warrior to the settlement where Marie Huot dwells? ” And I promised him that I would do as he asked, and said that I would bring many braves to fight for him, if he had not enough men already, and that I thought the red men would be glad



to fight for the men in blue jackets who had so many guns and could answer thunder with thunder. And he put his hand kindly on my shoulder, and said, "Go, then, and God be with you, and I will make you a great man."



## CHAPTER IV.

MONTCALM called and a soldier came into the room, and beckoned to me, and I went with him to the kitchen where the food of the house was cooked, and they set more before me to eat than I could consume, and I put a quantity into my wallet, thinking that we would start on our journey immediately. But it was some time before a tall man, dressed like a common white man, and not in the blue and brass-buttoned coat of the soldiers, nor in their cocked hats, came in. He was dark and tall and thin, and but for his beard and moustache might have been an Indian. In his hand he held his cap made of fur, although the sun was so hot now in the summer time, and his jacket and shirt were of



coarse make, and he had his long legs strapped round below the knee with bands, and he wore boots of leather, and in the other hand a long fusil. He wore a belt at his waist, and a belt round his shoulder, and hanging down at one side was hung a powder-horn, and fastened to the belt was a wallet. He had also a pistol or little gun in his belt, and looked round him and at me with a morose look I did not like. He accosted me with a surly manner, asking how soon I should go with him, and I said that I was ready to go at once, which did not seem to mend his temper. But after he had eaten a huge meal he rose and signed to me to come, and we went away from the pleasant village with its shady trees and along a road that took us up the wide valley along which the narrow stream I have mentioned ran at the foot of the ridge which ended in the cape, and all the land was full of sunlight, and the



scent of the clover and flowers in the field was in our nostrils as we kept on walking along the slope of the land, where on the right were the wooded mountains, and on the left the ridge beyond which I knew the great river must lie concealed by its long flat back. Then came we to another settlement called Lorette and there were many Indians about this place, and from among them my companion selected two who seemed to have some white blood in their veins, for they were not quite like the savages, and we marched on, we four, and struck to our left down to the narrow stream, then up the ridge, and across it, and there we saw again the great stream beneath us, and the fortress was down the river some way, and we only heard at intervals the sound of its guns, and at another village called Carrouges we found a canoe, and we four entered it, and took turns to paddle it up the mighty river. And so we travelled, stopping



at night and making our fire, and finding no difficulty about food, for there were settlements along the banks, and we had money, and wanted for nothing. It would be tedious to recall all our stopping places and the number of days we voyaged, but we went on past lake and rapid, to another river, and ever keeping to the waters, of which there seemed no end, we kept steadily at work for three months, reaching at last country where we found no whites. Always when we passed any settlement we gave papers to the chief man according to the orders my companion had received. And these papers made the settlers excited, and made them send off messengers into the country, and they spoke of war and of sending more men to help Montcalm. At first they questioned us much and could never get sufficient answers, but as we journeyed they seemed more careless the further away we got. I trusted to the Cana-



dian to tell me when I could carry out the orders of the French chief, but he gave me little opportunity, saying always that he must push on, and that the papers he sent out were sufficient, and that in giving them he was doing what was required of him. In truth my thoughts were far more with all I had seen in the camps of the soldiers, and with what I had seen in the settlement where Marie lived, than with any commands of the general. These I considered my companion was looking after, and that my part would come only when asked to speak to the Indians and make treaties with them. In parting from Marie my mind was so excited by the new position of being again set on the war path that I thought of little else, and was only sorry to leave her. Now that I had seen much war and commotion, the stillness of the bivouac brought her image back to my thoughts, and



sometimes I thought her eyes were following mine in the darkness. They were eyes of a grey blue colour like my own, and seemed often to my remembrance as if they were searching my very thoughts, and could read them, and knew their intentions. And I who knew that I could compel men to do my will to some extent when I liked, and when I felt strong, found myself powerless to will her to do anything. In that girl I had met my match as far as will-power went, and I felt that I could not have made her stand motionless as I had made our Indians stand doing nothing when I went away with her and her people from the place where my tribe had intended to torture them. These things I recalled when I lay with my feet to our fire, and my three comrades slept around me. Often I could not sleep, for the girl seemed present with me, and I fancied that I could talk to her, so real was her presence to me,



and that I could ask her again the meaning of phrases, and take from her lips my lessons in the strange speech of the French. One night this fancy proved nearly to be the cause of my death, for I saw her so distinctly that, dreaming or waking I know not, I arose, and left my blanket by the fire, and wandered after her, for I thought she went before me, and I entered the wood, ever following her, as I thought. Then I stumbled across some fallen timber, and I awoke, shivering, for there was nothing round me but the forest, and with trouble I found my way back. Then one of my comrades, seeing me come from the wood into the firelight, and not seeing who it was, took up his gun and fired at me, the ball passing close to me, and I shouted out who I was, and was received with curses for disturbing their night's rest. But I lay down with them again at the fire, and wrapped myself in my blanket, and said



never a word. It was curious that when I thought of Marie, or on this occasion when I followed her appearance into the wood, it was always in my mind that she wished me to turn again to the east, that is, to go back to her. This was perhaps natural enough, yet she had never in speech denoted that there was any special desire of this nature existing within her breast. Her slight figure, oval face with its dark hair, and grey blue eyes, had always seemed possessed by a dignity that had often given me the idea of kindness, but ever associated with a consciousness of her own superiority to me. This feeling was absent in the recollection of her that dominated the impression I conceived of her in these absent reveries in which she appeared to me so vividly. In these she seemed almost pleading that I should not go further to the west, and yet to the west my companion was always travelling. Perhaps it was the effect



of my dreams, perhaps it was a reasonable reflection that inquired how it was possible that we could aid Montcalm when we were going so far away from him, and seeing so few who could possibly undertake a journey to join him, that made me speak out and murmur long before the three months had passed over us, a period I have mentioned as the total duration of our journey together. My dark companion assured me that he knew what he was about, and that he was faithful to his trust. At first he tried to persuade me that we had been making a wide half circle, and were not so far away as I believed that we were. But I told him, if he thought this he was mistaken, for I had watched the sun and knew we had been going very far to the west, although the course of the waters we followed made us deviate occasionally to the north or south. He would sit by the fire in the evening and bring out a chart of



the country, for he told me that by this he knew his way, although he was travelling no unknown road, for the brave French pioneers had been here, and it was they who had made the chart and placed upon it the rivers and lakes we were following or traversing in our canoes, and by it he could know where it was least difficult to carry across the intervening land the canoes to launch them again in other waters that would allow us to go yet further. We were under no necessity to return he declared, for he knew that those to whom he had sent messages would go and fight, and it would more profitably assist our friends if we saw yet others who lived in regions whence the furs came, for these furs would be of value to the army after the battle was over, as they could be sold, and by going further we should procure wealth in peltries. This man said his name was François, and I be-



gan to conceive a great dislike to him. He was surly in his bearing towards me, and never changed so as to show any friendly feeling. Morose and sulky, he would seldom speak to me, who considered myself better than he, nor would he say a word except by way of command to the two other men. He would look over the papers given to him to distribute to the white men we might meet, and he spoke to the Indians we found on the way, but he never asked me to help him in these conferences, as was my right. Thinking, however, that we should come upon other tribes with whom I should be called to act as interpreter, for he told me that I should be his intermediary in such a case, I trusted to him and made no complaint. When we had gone so far that there was little likelihood of this happening, I told him that I did not see the use of going further away. But he turned on me angrily, and



then seemed to think better of it; said he would not quarrel with me, and that it would be for my good to accompany him. He even used fondling expressions, and declared that he had my interests at heart. I would return richer than by any action Montcalm had urged me to undertake if I only went with him. This continued to the end of the third month of our interminable paddling and carrying of the canoe. The other two men were dispirited, and thought with me that we had gone far enough. François had one day done less than the usual share that fell to each of us of work in the canoe, and was, even for him, unusually disagreeable in manner and speech. One of the two men had remonstrated several times during the few days that had passed, and on this day of extraordinarily hard work, had asked why we should go on, and avowed his intention of turning with the other man



and leaving us. The next morning François was up before daybreak, poring over his map, and commanded us to get ready to start. The man who had questioned his purpose appeared loth to obey. François' eyes flashed, and he declared that he would kill the man unless he promptly obeyed. He and the man who dared his displeasure were alike in feature, but not in character. Both had the half French, half Indian look that told of mixed blood, but François was tall and well made, though lanky and loose limbed. The other was thickset, with a rounder head, and thick neck, denoting obstinacy. He inquired how long this was to continue: "Until I tell you to cease doing my orders," said François. The man now said he would not go further, and his fellow looked as though inclined to support him. François pretended that he was satisfied to give them a rest for the day



and to talk the matter over. He went to the canoe, got a gun, and sauntering quietly up to us, raised the piece, and shot the man dead. The natural impulse of myself and the remaining man was to retaliate, but our guns were at some little distance from us, and François had complete command of the situation. I believe I preserved my calmness, but my companion was so horrified that he sat staring at the murderer with eyes half out of his head. When I had recovered myself a little I said, "Ah! François, how shall we now return, when we are but three, and the distance so great?" "Return!" he answered wildly, "Return! Why not with three as well as with four?" and then, bursting into a paroxysm of rage, "Ah! you think François a fool. No, that dead one there found he was not. Bah! do you think I do not know my plans? I can shoot one, two, three, as dead as partridges. Yes, Sacré,



Nom-de-Dieu, you two, you shall both know that I go forward, and go back when I choose." And so he ranted for a while yet, nor did I compromise my dignity by replying to him, but looked him straight in the face and said nothing. Then a change came over his mood, and he came to me, making as though he were sorry, now that his violence had abated. "No, I am sorry, I am sorry; let me speak to you, Jean; come now, see. We will not tell that fellow. He is no good; but you, you are white, though you dress like a savage. I will tell you;" and, wheedling in manner, he came and sat down opposite to me, and fumbling in his pockets, he took out the map, and continued, "I told you that we had done what the chief commanded. Many men are on their way to join his soldiers, by reason of the papers and messages we sent out en route here; but we cannot go back before winter, and what kept



me pressing westwards was the knowledge that at certain posts further on we shall get to places where the missionaries and voyageurs have told me that there are quantities of furs to be got. These fetch high prices in the great settlements of the English, and we will go together and get more men and canoes, and we will take these furs down in the spring, staying in the unsettled country during the winter, for it is then alone that the best furs can be had. I tell you, war good, but furs better. We are now far away from the white men's settlements. We shall see nothing but a voyageur or two and a priest or two working among the Indians. They say they work for the Indian good. Ah! their own good may lie in the forests too. Perhaps they, too, are wanting the rich furs. Yes, Jean, we will go a bit further yet, for near us is a place where many Indians winter, and there is a priest there, and we will make



him and them get us valuable skins, and then next year we go down the rivers. Not now, not as that dead fool wanted. By God, I would kill all such traitors as he ;” and he sprung up in a renewed passion, and went to the corpse that lay with still bleeding head, and neck half twisted in the fall of the body. There it was, a dark heap of dark clothes and lifeless flesh on the sandy margin of the lake where we had ceased paddling for the day. There it lay with cold ash-grey face staring open-eyed at the waters whose ripple in the sunlight it would watch nevermore. The sinewy hands were clenched, one being on the place where the heart used to beat; the other outstretched and stiffening, as though still raised to ward off an apprehended danger. There the helpless body lay, and François marched up to it in his renewed rage, and kicked it, and cursed it, and a movement of the body as it was spurned by the man’s



foot made it turn its eyes on him, and the outstretched fist seemed to menace him as it also turned and was pointed straight at him. Then a shudder seized the murderer, and he came back and again sat down opposite to me, and so near that I could see the sweat upon his dark brow beneath the matted black hair, and I said nothing, but looked at him, and he gathered up the map that had fallen near me when he rose, and carefully folded it and replaced it in his jacket, and seemed absorbed in thought, and his eye avoided mine. But after a while he looked up, and his mood again changed, and he suddenly shouted at me. "Why do you look at me like that? Why do you stare at me? I tell you I will not be gazed upon by your horrible eyes. Has it not been enough that I have stood their stony glance so long? And now you stare like that dead man, as if it was not enough, as I say, to have endured that snake



look these three months of our journey. Luckily we are coming to a place where there are others, and I need not be sitting each night like this opposite to you. Don't look at me like that, I say," he roared, as though he were being put to torture. And I, unwilling to anger him yet further, for I felt no anger myself, turned my eyes to the fire. He then began humming an old boat song to himself, and afterwards asked where our man had got to. "You have frightened him," I replied, "and perhaps he will not return from the woods, whither he retreated when you went to the corpse of his companion." François gathered the little ammunition we had together, and lay down upon it near the fire, and made as though he would sleep, but I saw that he was not sleeping. The next morning dawned to find me alone with the murderer, for our man had, as I suspected, deserted in fear of his life. François was



surly, and he and I passed down to the beach where lay the dead body with its clenched hand still threatening the empty sky above. There we launched the canoe, and paddled onwards, Francois saying that it was fortunate that we were near the Indian village he knew of. On the second day we arrived there. Many women and children were on the bank of the lake where the village stood, and we saw behind them a palisade and the cone-shaped tops of wigwams. Indians stood in groups about the spot where we landed, and the good will of the people was ensured by our dispensing with the few remaining things we had taken with us. Some hatchets and knives and powder helped us greatly, and we did not spare these goods, for Francois had declared to me that we must spend the winter here, and we desired to make as good an impression as possible on our new friends. Among their dwellings was one evidently



built by a European, or by them under his direction. It was a plain log hut with a steep roof made of young poles, on which bark was laid. There were windows, though they had no glass as in the settlements, but paper to let some light through. There was clay made to fit in between the logs of the walls, and near this habitation stood a larger one, with a little tower and a wide door, to which my attention was directed at once, for I knew that this also was the sign of a white man being there. Presently he came towards us, dressed in skins which had been made for him by the squaws apparently, for they were well blanched. But he had a hat that reminded me of the hats worn by the priests at Quebec, for that was the name of the cape where the big fight was going on with the English when we left. He was a little man, short, and very stout, for he had been more in the Indian villages than on war parties, and they



had given him all the meat and fish they were able to procure. He came towards us quickly, with a smile on his smooth fat face, so that one tooth lifted his upper lip on one side more than on the other. Besides, his teeth were yellow, and not white as ours are, and I thought it would have been well if the squaws had had the washing of them as well as of his skin jacket. He took Francois by the hand, and shook it, as though he were wringing the water from some animal shot in the lake. Then he turned to me, and said, "Ah! what have we here? This young man compliments us by wearing the savage dress. I have the honour to salute you, sir. Come into my house and rest, for you must be weary. Ah! have we not a fine town here?" and he swept the horizon with his hands, first with one hand, then with the other. "Yes," he continued, "I love this land, I love this people. You see the great lake in front of us, with



the waters laughing under this late October sun. You see the steep walls of the northern shore dropping down into the depths, clad with pine and fir, and bushes that blaze now with colour, whether they be touched by the noonday or the setting sun. So my love flames like these autumn bushes to this land, to this people. And you think a priest should be sad and grave. I cannot be so. I have the jovial spirit of old France still within me. Eh! have I not?" he added, giving Francois a dig in the ribs, to that morose individual's great astonishment. I laughed at the little man, so unlike any priest I had ever seen in the settlements, and wondered how Marie would have talked to him, and if she would have liked him or no. The next day was the Sunday that always sees so much beautiful dressing among the priests in Quebec. After he had taken us to his house, it was late, and he said he always slept early,



and that he would hear our story to-morrow, and he left us to go among the people, but provided us with a good supper and place to sleep in. His merry face with the gilt glasses on his short nose, his chin so round and dimpled lifted up so that his prominent eyes might look the more easily through the glasses, made me laugh. My grim companion looked more gaunt and sulky than ever, nor did even the good cheer placed before us by the excellent priest serve to remove the cloud upon his brow. I saw the priest look at him and shrug his fat shoulders. He soon left us, but came again next morning, which was the feast day, and day of rest kept by the Christians. He invited us to go to the little church to hear service and what he would say to the people. The day was so fine that he preferred to speak to them outside, and mass was performed at an altar outside the palisade. It was new to me



to see these things occur at an Indian village. The people sat in a half circle in front of the priest when he spoke to them. The chief was nearest, then the headmen in a short line behind him, then the braves of the nation were on the left of the priest, and these sat in ranks, while the remainder of the people were sitting in a long curved line. When he made an oration some of these smiled, others lay at full length, their elbows on the grass, and their hands supporting their chins, as they gazed gravely at the little man who, in his robes, stood there flinging his arms about, and speaking very earnestly. Above him the maple grove flung its leaves of fire among the dark gloom of the firs which here rose very high, their boughs standing out far above our heads in broad flat branches of verdure. The black robes of the priest made him look like a spirit men see in dreams, and the merriment on his face had gone, as had also his



glasses from his nose. The sun was warm enough to make him wear his black hat, so that I looked on him, and though he used his arms in speaking to point to the blue skies and to the hills and woods around, I did not feel so much amused at his appearance as when I first saw him. He looked like a black stump of a tree that had been burnt come to life, and his voice was powerful and rang in the leafy roof that the forest gave to the space in front of him, and seemed to echo it back, until it rolled out over the quiet surface of the great lake behind him. His speech was quick, but I understood most of what he said, and he told us that vast as that water was behind him, which was before their eyes as they looked at him standing between them and it, yet that sea was nothing to the power and goodness of the Master he served, the one Manito that should be feared, and murder and all hatred to men was bad in his eyes,



and I saw Francois scowl and walk away. But the little priest never looked at him, and shouted for some time longer. It seemed to me he might have shouted all day, for he was fat and strong. Why should he not be fat, when he ate well, and his people brought him the joints of the great elk to eat, and he had bears' grease for his head and face, and hair, except where he had a little bare place on the crown that made me think that some one must at one time have tried to scalp him. Yes, he had meat of birds of all kinds, from the great swans and geese and ducks to partridges and little singing birds, as I was told ; and fish, the big trout and the white fish ; and herbs and berries ; yes, these all they brought to him, as I was told, and of all he ate ; so why should he not be fat and speak as loud and long as the wind in a hollow tree ?



## CHAPTER V.

SOON the leaves fell, and the snow fell, and there was ice on the lake, and the fir trees looked darker yet against the snowy carpet, and some of the rocks were made beautiful with vast arcades of icicles, hanging in long streamers, or in thin veils from projecting ledges, so that the boys of our friends loved to walk behind the sheaves of ice spears, and see the colour of the daylight through them. We hunted elk and other deer on snow-shoes, and fished through holes kept open in the lake ice, and the clear bright days passed, one after the other, until winter had again departed, and the warm sun melted all that



reminded us of cold and of the merry sports and games, and of the stories with which we had amused ourselves in the field or by the lodge's central hearth. Often the little priest used to preach, and often used he to visit the sick and the dying, and the medicine that he gave saved many from death, and all loved him, and believed that he had power from the God he was always talking about. I was often with him and learned all that he could teach me in the use of the drugs he had, and in the management of wounds and hurts. He liked me, but showed that he did not care to be with Francois. Nor did Francois seek him. But with me he was anxious to be, and would talk and ask questions for hours, so that I seemed far more necessary for him than he was to me. Indeed much as I liked him, nothing in the way of admiration for him ever crossed my mind. The first impression made upon me never left me, and



the oddity of the little fat figure and round face was ever present with me. Yet we had many serious discussions, and he did not always love to laugh, though never a day passed that he did not show "l'esprit jovial" as he called his fun. Eagerness to practice his art of healing was strong upon him, and he would watch without wearying the effects of his attempts to restore health, and to banish pain. Some of the old squaws of the tribe were rather jealous of him in these matters, but he was always anxious to please them and praise them, and was willing to learn from them in exchange for the knowledge he was ever ready to impart. So the winter months glided past, and I became so much one in thought with him that I told him all that had happened to me without concealment, up to the day we met him, including that last tragedy of the death of the half-breed canoeman at the hand of Francois.



The other man had never again appeared, and we knew not what had become of him. I knew that the priest had afterwards spoken to François of this deed. I knew it by François' increased dislike of the good man, which made me fear that some similar crime might be attempted on myself and the priest, as we were the only witnesses. It was certain now that François would not return with me to the east, and he was always telling me of the riches that he knew how to get in the west. I knew I could not return alone, and made up my mind to accompany him, for these things he said we could get excited my curiosity, and life and youth were strong within me. There was but one matter in which I vexed the priest. He would talk to me as he preached to the people of Manito and of his son. Now I believed in Manito, and had heard from some of our sachems that he had a son, but I could not care to hear that there



was any good in Manito's son being killed for the sake of the tribes that were to come after him, nor that he could be killed, for we were told by our old men that Manito never died, and if the son was alive in the sky, how could it be that he was killed? The oddity of the appearance of my teacher made me inclined not only to laugh at him now and then, but also to laugh at what he said, which was the cause of a curious thing happening to me, for after I had spoken like this I distinctly heard the voice of Marie, and it said, "John, I believe; believe thou also!" Nor would he believe in what I told him, that I had dreams that came true, but he acknowledged that my glance was terrible when gazed upon, and that it made him believe in the evil eye. But he would never use my will-power, and was astonished one day when I told him I could cure a man by making him will to do certain things. The man was cured; but as



he took the priest's medicine as well as submitted to my gazing fixedly at him until he was stupid and scared, we could never agree to whom the credit of his health was owing. My friend looked as black as his preaching robes when I told him François and I must continue our voyage. He gave us his parting blessing, which all the tribe said was certain to bring us luck. But it did nothing of the kind. François had had much to do with boats among the white men, and he procured a very large canoe, so heavy that I said it was no use, two men could not carry it far. But he replied that it was not for portaging past the rapids, and we should have no occasion to do anything but drag this canoe ashore for the night, for we should for some time be on the lake. This he said very roughly as though angry with me for asking, and he put a little mast in the big canoe, and a sail made of deerskin. I looked



on, and helped him, although I now much disliked him. He had remained as much as possible alone during the winter, seldom coming into the village except in bad weather, and then never speaking to me except in a dogged manner, and with averted eyes, save only when he looked upon me angrily for a moment. But I had found that my glance always made him silent, and now he had asked me to get some medicines from the priest for the journey and I had got some, but told him that I knew now also all the wisdom of the Indian magic learned at the village as well as the priests' cunning art of healing, and that but few of these things were required. But he seemed nervous and ill at ease, and kept on muttering and murmuring to himself. But we launched the little vessel and departed amid the farewell greetings, and as the spring winds were not always favourable we had much



hard work to keep the heavy canoe against them, but when the breeze came behind us we found that we went fast owing to the sail of skin. My companion's fears and mutterings seemed to increase day by day, although I did what I could to cheer him, not wishing him to become more disagreeable than he already was. One night, when we had as usual halted at a place on the rough and rocky north shore of the big fresh-water sea, his conduct became more strange than ever, for he first disliked to land at that spot because he said men were concealed there. And then he had refused to help to get fuel for the fire, and suddenly starting up when it had been lit, he pointed to the piled up rocks which lay banked up in wild confusion until they reached a precipice behind us, and trembled as he whispered that he saw enemies among the rocks. All that night I had to quiet him by keeping



awake close to him, and was so wearied that next day I fell asleep in the boat as we continued our westward course. He seemed happier when away from the shore, and his terror at landing again manifested itself. "Look; what is that on the beach? You will not land there to-night. I will not land, I tell you, Pas-plus; I will not; see there is the body of him I killed, down there at the water's edge; and his friends are in those bushes above ready to kill me." I assured him it was but a bit of fallen cedar wood with its twisted branches that he saw that looked like a man's arm upraised, but it was long before I could quiet him, and then when we had landed and lain down he was trembling. But I said, "Be a man, and not a woman, Francois," and he was silent for a while. But suddenly he rose shrieking, gripped his gun, and fired at something among the copse woods that grew among the rocks. The echo



alone replied, but he was loading again, when I took his hand and calmed him, and asked him what he feared, for there was no one there. And beneath my eye he became quiet, but he told me that he was sure that the natives would kill him. I told him he knew the red men as well as I did who had been brought up as one of them. What then was this fear? But he was quite unmanned, and sobbed and trembled, and I knew that I had to deal with a madman. He was glad to get away from shore again before morning, and seemed brighter than I had ever known him while we were far from shore during the day, but when near sunset we must camp again all his terrors revived. He yelled that nothing would make him land. Then I looked into his eyes, and he shrank away, and I going forward to take down the little sail, heard a plunge aft. Francois had thrown himself overboard, and purposely weighted



with his gun, he had sunk in those deep cold waters, never to rise again. Manito had taken him, and I put ashore alone, and gathered wood, and sat by the fire alone, alone on that wild coast, by the great water, with no soul to help me, and none near me save the corpse of the madman in yonder depths at my feet! I must sail on, I argued to myself, for there was as much chance for me as there would have been for him to get the peltries that he spoke of in the camps, which could not now be far distant, and my heart was resolute, nor did I feel fear. My resolve was to act, and not delay, nor to mourn my position. Onward, then; and I dragged the canoe into the lake, and paddled out to catch the wind, and hoisted the skin, but before long I repented of this, for had I kept near the shore I would have been safe, but I had gone far, and the wind came in gusts from the high cliffs and blew me out even further.



Then I took down the sail, and did what I could to get more in shore, but the breeze freshened and laughed at my efforts, alone as I was, and the canoe was carried out ever more into the lake whose waves arose, so that it was all I could do to keep them from coming in. But the stern had now to be kept to the wind, for I saw it was no use to turn the prow to it, and fight against it. Perhaps I should be carried to some good shelter, perhaps I would find my death, and join Francois below the angry sea ; but battle with the wind I could not. It must take me where it listed. Ever worse and worse grew the gale, until I was wearied out in the endeavour to keep the boat before the wind. The storm increased towards evening. Drenched and sick with the strain, I fell asleep or lost consciousness still holding the handle of the paddle I had lashed astern to serve to guide the frail bark structure that continued gallantly to rise as



the white seas came to her. But nothing more do I remember after the dusk had fallen, until a terrible oppression on my chest, a dreadful struggle for life had begun in me on my restoration to consciousness. I was no longer in the boat, but in a lodge near the shore, for the sound of the waves was still in my ears, and the winds were still howling overhead. It was long before I could speak, or indeed gather my thoughts. But strength came back, and I learned that I had been found senseless in the canoe which had been dashed on to a part of the shore where were little bays that took off the force of the waters, and that they who had found me thought I was dead, and marvelled at finding a stranger alone in a big canoe; and deeming that I must be under the special protection of the spirits to be alive at all, brought me up the bank of the lake to their camp, and treated me generously and helpfully until I was



restored by the measures they adopted. Anxious to repay their kindness, when I went among them I inquired if I could help them in return, and told them that I had magic, and they said that they were gathering together by orders of a chief for a war. Thinking that they might have heard of that war which was being waged beyond Hoche-laga, down by the cape called Quebec, I inquired if it was there that the war path would lead them, for there they might get gold in payment. But they informed me that it was not in the east that the great war they were concerned in would be, but that they, with confederated tribes, would march south and westward to the plains where dwelt the natives who had horses and cattle, and that it was the possessors of these that they desired to conquer. They thought that I must have magic knowledge from the white men, my brothers, and I told them that I had know-



ledge of both Indian and white medicine, for I had lived with both, but my heart was with the Indians. And they answered that their people believed that a tall mountain near where we were was the abode of Manito, and that the most powerful magic man, if he went there and fasted, would derive additional strength to counsel wisely, and be able to lead to victory in battle, and I encouraged them in this faith. Soon taking up my abode apart, I gave out that I would fast a little in my lodge, and then fast yet more on the top of the mountain, reserving enough of my strength to ascend it, and return after communing with the god. And the priests' story of Moses and Sinai came to my mind, and I thought that east and west are much alike, and the present day and the distant past are the same in the beliefs that all times engender, for the poor Indian thought as did the great



leader of the Jewish people, that on the hills God speaks with men.

So I fasted, and when not far spent, arose and went up into the mountain, and there it was very cold, for the summer had not yet fully come. Alone I went up past the woods of fir and pine to the great mass of rock with a flattened top, and giant walls that seemed to forbid access to that high ridge set above the steep escarpment, and covered with a grey veil of snow, for the sun would melt the snow in the daytime, and yet it would often fall again at night. I wandered around the precipitous wall that guarded the platform which looked up to the skies, and found at last a narrow way where a vein of softer rock had become rough and weathered by storms and had decayed, and allowed a path for the foot of man over its ruins to the summit. Near the edge of the supreme cliff edge was a ledge with a projecting covering rock, and



there I stopped and lay down and fasted and prayed for the countenance of Manito, visiting the platform for the purpose of the prayer, and staying in the rough cave to fast; for I found it easier to eat nothing when I lay on my side. But the cold ate into me when I had nought to eat, and weakness and faintness came upon me, so that I felt I could not return unless I did so soon, and go I must, even if no dream came to me. Then prayed I on the third day when I had drunk some of the snow for water and refreshment, as I crouched upon the mountain-top, and sunlight came to me, and I saw as in a dream the form of Marie, who seemed to beckon me down the hill; but I thought this was but a temptation to withdraw from my task, and my manhood recoiled from being commanded by a woman, but a fever seemed to throb in my temples. Then, as I prayed, and looked out on the rolling clouds that were formed in



dense mists around me, shutting out much of the light of the sun, I saw as though crouched on the cloud a mighty form, gigantic, dark, and reaching from cloud to cloud. It was the form of a warrior stooping as though to spring upon his enemy. And I remained still and prayed, and the immense shape vanished, and there came a peal of thunder, though I had seen no lightning, and my knees shook, and fear entered into my heart for the first time, and I fainted, and when I again came to myself I saw the morning star where I gazed, and I shivered with the cold, and the rock platform spun round me, and I thought I heard a voice saying, "I am the Morning Star, the War God. I am Erinors, the giver of victory, and he who deals defeat. See the weapons that I give thee." And from the sky there was the rush as of an arrow, and, lo! one long dart stuck into the scanty soil that covered the rock, just missing me



where I crouched; and in a second's time there was again the rush of a winged dart, and one came and hurtled upon the grim stone around me, but it rebounded and fell at my feet, and I saw the point was of glittering metal, nor did it seem blunted by the speed of its descent on the hard rock. And I wondered and gazed, and stretched my hand to it, and then there came another as though shot from one side, for it fell in a bush, with the plumed end of it visible as it buried itself in the thicket; and then came yet a fourth following it, and almost struck me as it rattled on the rock at my side. Again the thunder shook the air, and a voice called, and it appeared to me that Erinors, the Morning Star, the War God, bade me take these, and defy my enemies. And the voice continued, "While these remain unbroken thou shalt conquer. When lost or broken, thy nation shall perish." Yet once more came thunder as I, weak and



trembling, gathered them, and painfully made my way down the mountain by the only path that was to be climbed, either going up or down, and long it took me, for my knees shook and would not bear the weight of my body. When I was passing through the woods again many of the headmen met me and escorted me to the camp, where a great multitude received me, and I held up the arrows, but could not speak for weakness. Then they refreshed me, and I told them how these long arrows with the points of shining metal had been showered down where I lay, by Erinors, the Morning Star, the War God, and how I had seen him in the cloud, and heard him in the thunder, and that these arrows, his gifts, would give the victory if only they were not broken, but if through carelessness they were made to break the people who broke them would assuredly perish in the fight. And the people acknowledged



I was a great magician and that they were certain I would lead them to victory, and asked that the enchanted shafts might be tried. But I would not allow this, but said that they should be carried before the army, and should be in the hands of myself alone, for I was the only mortal who had spoken with Erinors and had acquired the magic weapons from the sky, when his sign, the Morning Star, looked upon my face. Then took we counsel how best to further our design, and it was agreed that I with others should go to tell the nearest nation that victory was sure for I had the magic darts, and that we might perfect our combination with yet other nations, so that we might march in one great array to attack the people of the plains. So we set out, and keeping still near the lake as we marched on its southern shore, we came nearer to the lodges of those we desired to visit. And here before we saw the smoke



of their village we found men of their tribe, who were digging in pits, and we were shown the bright yellow metal they were getting from these holes in the ground, and, lo ! the metal was much like that which adorned the shafts of the War God which I had. I went down into the pit, for they had ladders and ropes made of fir tree roots, for I desired to see them working. They had hammers made of stone with a string round the middle of the stone where was a groove cut, and with this they hammered the yellow rock so that pieces were broken off, and these they wrought at with fire, and this metal was beautiful, but I did not show my arrows to these men lest they should boast that they had made the heads, which were harder than any they could make. At their village we were received very honourably. Entering the council lodge we sat in a circle, and fine pipes of the red clay stone, with long stems orna-



mented with carving, were passed round. The tobacco was excellent, and as we sat and there was only one pipe with a very narrow orifice for holding the tobacco, so that it did not hold much and had often to be refilled, I felt impatient for the next time this should come round, and a whiff or two could be enjoyed. It was not good manners to hold the pipe for long, so our joys were transient; but good manners are not transient with the Indians, and we passed the pipes after a couple of whiffs, and sighed silently for more, and hoped that the other great men would not be very slow. But it is a sensible white man's proverb that great bodies move slowly, and these great men sometimes took a terribly long time to pass the pipe and whiffed very slowly, thereby bearing out the proverb. It was long also before we came to business, for as great bodies move slowly, so good thoughts are not to be picked up at a moment's notice,



and our business was important, meaning as it did the success or non-success of a combined plan whereby we might get glory by killing as many enemies as possible and getting into the comfortable places they had made for themselves. After at least two hours had been consumed in this manner, while the chiefs sat smoking and looking straight in front of them while they were waiting for the pipe, and never a word was said, a warrior, noted for his feats in war, rose with dignity and spoke. I will not repeat all he said, for it would take so long to understand that I might talk for a whole day in properly repeating it. Suffice it to say that he began with a long exordium of which the chief burden asserted the undoubted facts that the trees were green, that the sky was blue, that the flowers were numerous in the grass, that the needles on the pine trees were still more numerous, that Manito was great, and that the faces



of the ambassadors seemed to him to be (conjointly, I suppose) like the face of Manito. That a rumour had spread that we were especially favoured of the War God, and that one of the ambassadors was a white man, though learned in all the magic of the red men, and that his glance was victory. All this was what the whites irreverently call "mere Indian palaver," and I will pass it by, for it lasted a whole hour in the delivery. I liked it, but those to whom I now speak would not, for the substance of his harangue could only be gathered now and then, like the grains of corn in a lot of straw, but the pith and marrow of his intention was this: that a great confederacy of those who had but little to eat should devour those who had more and step into their shoes, or rather their moccasins, and live happy ever thereafter. This was to be effected by coun-



cils in the woods, which would bring to nought any councils in the plains. That we might get a few allies from among the people who dwelt near the woods, and who had horses, and that these would be of great advantage to us. We all grunted approval as this long speech finished, and I must say I felt very sleepy after it, but quite ready to employ any dreams I might have in the service of my new friends. These were particularly cordial to me, and allowed me more whiffs of the pipe than were allowed to any of the others. Two more chiefs spoke, but their talk was even more "pure Indian" than the first speech had been, and it is of no use to record the floral and zoological ecstasies in which they indulged. The weather came in also largely into their eloquence, and we all know that this is a subject in which tame man and savage can be equally ready in ex-



temporary speech, deducing from rain and sun, and cloud, and stars, and especially the moon, much matter for comfort and prophecy. It was determined that the warriors of the nation should return with me on the morrow. We rose at evening, when the level beams of the sun were striking on the hide tents, and I passed out of the door and wandered with attendant friends through the camp. Some feeling, I know not what it was, but it seemed to come in words, said to me, "Turn to the second tent in the third row," and I did so, and asked leave to enter. There was some hesitation among our companions, but this was only momentary, and we were welcomed silently. I lifted the hide covering of the oval entrance, and stooped to pass the narrow opening and went in, and there, close to me on the right, in a place where the sun struck at the hides so that they were half transparent and let a golden light



fall, what did I see?—a white girl asleep! And who was she? None other than my ever-recurring dream—my Marie! She lay there unconscious that we had entered, in rich Indian dress, her fair hair flowing loose around her, her lips parted in a smile that showed her beautiful teeth, unlike the yellow teeth of the generality of the white men. Her eyes that were so like unto mine, veiled by their closed lids, and her hands gently folded together across her breast. I stood more astonished than when I saw on the mountain the gigantic cloud shape of Erinors. My knees again shook against each other, and I stooped towards her. She awoke, and started up, and held out her hands, and called me by my name, ‘John,’ and laughed and rose, and said “Ah! I knew we should meet, and they never told me you were here.” All looked up in silence, and then one said, “Lo! how like she is unto the white chief who has



brought us the arrows of Erinors," and I told them that this was great medicine, that she could do more for them even than I, and that we must be left alone together.



## CHAPTER VI.

THERE we stood, united again for a time, and as the sunlight died out, and the glow from the few sticks on the lodge floor lighted up our faces, my eyes looked into hers which were so like my own, and she gave me her hand and told me she was glad I had come. There was much to explain on both sides, nor would she be content until she had heard how it was that fate had brought me to her lodge. Then she concealed not that she had not been able to rest content where she had lived so long, but felt that she must follow me, and so travelled westward with a companion and two servants; but had only traced me a certain distance. She had then gone more to the south, had crossed the waters at Detroit, and journeyed



westwards. There had been none to hinder her departure, for her parents were long since dead, and she was so regarded in the settlement that what she wished was law. Besides, she had told them that her going had the consent of the authorities, who thought she might help in raising Indian tribes to assist against the English. But her heart was divided between the wish to carry out some plan of this kind, and her desire to find me, "for though you scarce troubled yourself to say good-bye to me, John, I desired that you should not again become as the Indians." And then I assured her it was only because I so feared to face the parting from my beloved instructress that I had not cared to go to her for the farewell words. But how had she found her way, and when had she left? "Oh! soon after you left I went also, and there was no trouble about the way, for the voyageurs knew all the



roads between this and the Gulf of Mexico, uninhabited as the land is by any save the savages. We wintered in the south of the great lake, while you passed the season on the north side; and besides women, there are men who care not to engage in the fierce war when the cannon and guns are thundering, and who like a little buying of furs on their own account better than the turmoil between contending armies, whose strife makes their absence little observed. I always felt I was on the right track, and that I should come across you, and now you will return with me." But I told her I had become learned in wisdom and pharmacy as well as in the Indian lore, and that I had promised to assist the tribes around us in the conflict with the people of the plain, and related the adventure of the mountain. And she shook her head sadly, and pitied me for being under such delusions, and asked if the



good priest of whom I had told her had not put more wisdom into my heart, since her own teaching had not been sufficient to do it. Then laughed I at the recollection of the little priest, and told her that he too had spoken of the Saviour she believed in, but I believed in Saviours who led armies to battle, and cheered the spirit of the warriors, and that I myself was regarded as a Saviour since the arrows had been given to me on the mountain. And as I said this I pulled from my quiver one of the arrows, and, lo! the bright metal on its barbed point seemed to blaze and sparkle as we gazed on it, and she drew back in horror from the cruel thing, and exhorted me not to trust to such arms alone. But I felt so strong in my conceit that I said a man's right arm and his war spear and arrows were the best Saviours, and then came others to tell me my lodge was prepared, and asked of the movements for



the morrow, and I gave orders, proud of doing so before Marie, and said we must march before daylight. So leaving her, she saying that she would follow me, I passed out, and slept, and on the morrow came again to the camp near the mountain where were many gathered with the men I had brought. And each day thereafter came more, until many fires sent smoke up so thick each evening that there was a blue cloud above the woods on the south shore of the mighty lake, and it hung a belt of vapour about the slopes of the steep hill whose summit I had climbed. Each day that followed was occupied with the long councils of the chiefs, but they were all so like each other that each consultation produced only many speeches after they had sat for a while thinking how to begin, so that I wearied of them, and felt that my heart mocked them, and longed for action. Action was what was needed, I said,



whenever I appeared among them, and the arrows were each time shown as augury of success. Finally, the smoking and talking that seemed so endless were concluded, and the van of our army set out, gorgeously arrayed, and each man in full war paint, for the south. We said not farewell to the women, for farewells make men weak. Still on our march we were joined by others, notably of that tribe on the border of the plains that possessed horses. To be sure we could walk faster than the horses, but they for a longer time could run without losing breath. So our array came to the Plains, where the grass was long and green, and there were masses of yellow lilies with a colour like the colour of that metal I had on my arrows. Over the green and the gold in the grasses the long bright column marched; the trampled grass lay behind them, and it was easy to see from a distance where they



passed. But above the gaudy columns, the spear heads shone and flickered, and the horsemen spread out far in front, so that we could only see them now and then as the swell in the great green sea of the plain was crested by a horseman, or when our columns rolled up one of these inclines, and paused to look ahead, before they descended into the wide and shallow intervening hollows. One hot noon, a rider came galloping his horse back to the main body of the army with a command to halt, for there were buffalo ahead. I had never seen these animals, and knew them only from the paintings I had seen made of them in red lines on white skins, and was very desirous to see one, for they were said to be like the bulls around Quebec and the white settlements, but black, and more like an evil spirit, holding their heads down and never looking up. But much as I had heard of them, it was impossible to



imagine the sight that now met our eyes. Advancing to the gentle ascent from which the advanced guard had retired on beholding the buffalo, it was possible to see a great distance, and indeed, as far as the eye could reach, there was an army of these beasts covering the ground, so that it was only here and there that the green grass could be seen among the enormous herds. The very earth seemed alive, nor have I ever seen such multitudes of living things, no, not even when an ant hill is levelled, and the insects swarm out. Ants in vast numbers are alone to be compared with these hordes of big cattle. Thick as mosquitos rise from the swamps, so did these animals swarm on the plains, and there was no limit to them. When there were such hundreds of thousands moving, it was only in the nearer groups that the individuals could be distinguished. Elsewhere like black sand shifted by the winds, they moved but



it was only the motion of the mass that could be discerned. Rapidly the plan for killing some was formed, and the horsemen spread themselves out under cover of the slope, and then at a signal galloped to its crest and over it, and on to the flanks of the mighty mass, and shot their arrows as they came close alongside of the foremost individuals. Yes, they shot and shot until quiver after quiver was empty, and many dark carcasses lay on the confines of the herds. So eager were our horsemen at this work, that they saw not that on the horizon there was more commotion among the herds, and another movement, as the black atoms in the mass moved in a different direction from that they took before. But our army, which had now crested the slope, saw the amazing sight with less immediate fascination, and had looked over the heaving backs of the buffalo army, and there, far away, they saw the cause of the new



movement. The buffalo had other enemies upon them, and a far stronger force of horsemen than ours, nay, outnumbering ours tenfold, was evidently at work, as we had been, slaughtering the animals fast and furiously. Had their men caught sight of us? It was impossible to say, but presently we thought they had, and we sent all our men except the hunters, who could not hear any commands, back behind the ridge. Our mounted men were now compelled to collect their arrows from the dead beasts, for they had no more fresh darts to shoot, but they toiled on, still unconscious of any other hunters being intent on the same work. At last, however, a keen-sighted hunter among our horsemen did catch sight of one of the strangers in the distance, across the moving masses that separated them, and his cry of alarm awoke the attention of his comrades, but so dispersed were these that it was long before they could



be collected. It was evident that the enemy had seen us, and we held a council what it was best to do. It was quickly determined that, our infantry remaining concealed, we should show only our small force of horse, which should continue to kill the buffalo, but when the great body of the enemy advanced, should make off, as though in full flight, to the entrance of a slight hollow that led past the swell of the prairie towards the centre of our army, and that when they had passed, if they did pass, we should close in on them with the foot. To make it possible for our unmounted troops to deal death among so numerous a body of horse as we now saw that they possessed, we had recourse to a stratagem. We believed they would come on boldly, thinking our number but small, and along the inner side of the hollow down which they would ride we knotted the long grasses together, leaving their roots in the soil. A



handful or two of these, especially where tangled with the wild pea or vetch, made a good strong rope, which could not be seen at a little distance. The plan succeeded perfectly, for the enemy drew together in strong bands, and nearly one thousand of them came galloping towards our little troop, uttering cries, and, quickly as our men got together, several were too late, and were only just ahead of their pursuers, when on both sides our men on foot ran forward, and at the same instant the knotted grasses told on the horses of the enemy, who fell in scores, our own men doing the same unfortunately, which caused some loss, for the enemy turned on them before they themselves felt the spears and knives of our ranks, who poured quickly down upon them. The fight was very hot, but our number told, together with the confusion in which they were thrown from their fall with their horses. But few escaped. Then, while



we were still fighting, a movement of the buffalo brought them towards us, and the foremost masses of the herd tried to stop, but could not for the pressure behind, and part of the battlefield with the wounded was trampled over; but now all the foot and all the horse that remained rained such a fire of arrows on the beasts that their dead bodies became a wall. That made their remaining multitudes swerve, and we continued unsatiated to kill them until overcome with fatigue. And there we camped on the great rolling plains, which were like to the lakes I had passed in their immensity, and in that the sky was seen to meet the horizon which swept around us without change, but the surface was not flat but wavy, like the sea after a storm is passed, and the swell remains to lift itself slowly against the shore. But here the space was wide between each green wave, so that a man might wander away, and soon



lose sight of camp, and know not in what direction to turn to find it, unless he could read the stars or knew the motion of the sun. There we remained and feasted for some days on the buffalo we had killed and that our enemies had killed, for they, knowing the greatness of our army, and accustomed to be behind their earth-walls in war, would not come to attack us. Only we saw sometimes one of their horsemen, but he was quickly chased away. Our spies brought us knowledge of our foe, and told us how he lay in a great place surrounded by high green earth-walls that stretched far along the plain, and that these walls were so high, and defended by a ditch so deep, that it would be hard for men to climb up them. Our young men were anxious, after a time, to be led on, but our old men were always more inclined to smoke and talk before they adventured any great deed; and I, thinking of the power of the War God,



the Morning Star, Erinors, thought that it would be best to use magic, and taking a great rough stone that lay near the camp, I carved thereon the star, and a buffalo, and a deer, to show that the might of the God would be at our hand when we fought the great battle of the west in the land of the buffalo, and that our limbs should have the speed of the stag, and four long arrows also I carved on this stone, in token of gratitude to the God who gave me the weapons that must prevail. And so we prepared ourselves, and fed on the meat that we might be strong, and bathed in a little lake that was there after we had heated stones and poured water on them, so that before bathing we might stand over the heated stones and perspire, for this was good for the health, and was always found to make men feel strong. Then we ordered that the army should hold itself in readiness, and, marching through the night, should



attack at dawn, when the enemy might be taken by surprise, thinking that, as we did not attack for so long, we might not make the assault at all. The tribe that was to lead the way was that one I had brought first to the camp by the mountain, for these warriors had, by the counsel of Marie, who taught them many things while she abode with them, made themselves plates of the yellow metal wherewith they pointed their arrows. These plates they attached in pieces to their breast and belly, so that as they marched the sun glanced on the metal, and made them terrible to look at, and no arrow could hurt them if it first struck upon these plates. Now, as it was not possible to approach the entrenchments unseen except at night, and as the ground around could not hide us from watchers on the height of their embankments, it was ordered that this tribe should be divided into two, and that each part was to lead a separate



assault, so as to confuse the enemy. Thus we set out, guided by the stars at night, and there was little heard in our ranks but the neigh of a horse here and there, and this was soon stopped, for the horsemen were told to go to the rear for at least a mile, and to come up only when they heard shouting and noise of war at dawn. The faint sound of the many feet brushing through the grass was then all we heard as we marched onward, and at dawn, lo! before us lay a vast green wall stretching far to the right and left, yet was our army so numerous that when it spread out it lapped over the front of the width of the wall that lay towards us, and the wings advanced more rapidly than the centre, so that they might attack in time on the flank as well. The sun rose, reddening the sky, and the great wall stood high in front, and along its huge crest the war spear standards of each tribe that camped within stood on the



rampart. These at first alone caught the eye as it ranged right and left in search of the enemy. But now an outpost of their horse gave the alarm, and galloped away so as to place the fortifications between ourselves and them. By this we thought there must be some entrance for horse on the other side, and our right wing was made to run in pursuit. Then suddenly the long wall's crest became alive with men, and a shout of defiance went up, and we yelled back our challenge to battle. The leading tribe with the metal breastplates rushed on in their two divisions about three bowshots asunder, and behind them poured all our spears, the bowmen already preparing to shoot. Looking along our charging line I felt maddened with pride and lust of combat, and was first at the side of the great deep ditch into which I plunged, an arrow whizzing by my ear. The ground shook to the charge of our men, and



the ditch was soon filled with them. But here they became too crowded, and the darts of the foe came like hail, and yells and groans showed how many fell. Yet I hardly knew of this at the time, and it is with difficulty I can recall what happened. We climbed on each other's shoulders, and laid hands on the earth wall, and climbed and fell back, and climbed again. Among those who succeeded in springing on the sloping sides that surmounted the perpendicular wall of the ditch I was foremost, and I rushed at crowds of the enemy. Strange to say, wherever the place seemed least crowded and affording a chance for our men, the form of Marie glided before me, not as she appeared to my sight at other times, but unsubstantial, like a white ghost, and I raged because I could not follow her fast enough, as man after man went down before my blows. And when there was a second's breathing space I fitted my magic



arrows and sent them among the foe, seeking especially to kill those who seemed nearest to the incomprehensible, mist-like, waving, slender form of Marie, and they went down as though struck by lightning, and I loosed the bowstring over and over again, and yet one of the magic arrows was always on the string, and I shouted that they came back to the bow after they had slain each time their man. Yet if this was so I know not, and little knowing what I did I may only have shot at those nearest me, and plucked the shaft forth again, for Marie's shadow seemed ever just in front of me, as I rushed here and there, but soon she led me back to the ditch and disappeared, and I saw her no more, as I sprang into it to gather the courage of those of our men whom I saw cowering there, and inspire them to advance, for I could tell them that the crest was not so deadly when I had come back alive after killing many. But now I found I



had only two of the arrows, and Erinors, the War God, had made it understood by me in my trance on the mountain, that if the enchanted shafts were broken or lost, defeat would follow the nation that allowed them to be so defaced and ruined. Then thought I in anguish how this could have happened, and I fancied that as I was only half conscious in my rage in battle what was being done, some others must have taken my arrows and used them, and broken or lost them, and I grieved, and prayed to the men below to return with me, but they would not. I told them of the arrows that lay there that would give victory through the promises of the God Erinors, and they looked at me, as though they deemed my magic of no avail, and then a spear struck me on the arm and my hand dropped, nor could I use it to climb again, but tried still to get others to mount, offering my shoulder, but they would not, but stood



like buffaloes to be killed. Then sprung I towards one I knew and bade him take my bow and the two remaining arrows that had come back to my bow as I thought, and he took it and drew the bow well and strongly, and sent the arrow with its golden gleam on its passage, and it slew a leader on the rampart, but came not back as I had hoped. Then took I the last of the four arrows, and with it also a chief died, but, alas! all four shafts were now gone! Now the ditch was full of blood, and corpses lay thick, and the wall had only been scaled by a few hundreds who had been killed on its crest, and then the shouts of the other column died away, and a panic seized our men, and though I cried and threatened they gave a yell and leaped out of the ditch, and ran back far faster than they had come. It was heart-rending to retreat, but what can a few do against many? We were beaten, and it was



best to retire while we could make good our own camp. So all the unwounded men were soon at a distance from the looming rampart, and then the enemy's horse circled round their walls, and came to jeer us, but in a moment our horsemen came and swept back the shrieking foe, and the retreat was not interrupted. We arrived sad and savage at our camp, and placed outposts. In the hurry and confusion of the fight on the slope of the mound, some of our men had torn down a few of the enemy into the ditch, and these men we brought away prisoners. Before they were put to death they mocked us, but confessed that many of their own people had been slain by our arrows, for the archers had incessantly plied their fire while the enemy exposed themselves above their walls. But in confessing this the dying prisoners mocked yet the more, saying that though some were killed, they could well afford them, for they



would be buried in the mound, and their spirits would make the wall yet stronger. The army that had repulsed us sallied not out to attack, and we lay in camp and ate of the buffalo, and dried much of the meat over fires of turf, grass, and buffalo dung, for wood was scarce in those parts. Some women joined us from the camp near the mountain, and among them came Marie, sad and tearful at the slaughter where her friends had suffered much, and where their breastplates had availed them little. And she reproached me sadly, and I told her that I had thought of her even in the combat, for I had seen her spirit, and she wondered not, but said only quietly, "I was with you in the spirit."



## CHAPTER VII.

BY-AND-BY came all the women and children and others who had been left at the mountain. I sought Marie. "Yes, I was with you in the battle, and knew that you would be defeated, and that the enemy would triumph over you." "How could you know that, Marie? Did I not tell you that the Morning Star was with me?" "It was because you put your faith in false gods that you were crushed. O! John, why not believe in the one true God, and in his Son, and the Holy Mother, who can alone assist you." "Nay, I will believe as they believe among whom I was brought up, in one Great Spirit alone, who allows other spirits to reign over war and pestilence, and things of good or evil, that



make man happy or destroy him, and when your God can be seen as can the War God on the tops of the mountains, then only will I think you are right." "Then will destruction come upon you." "But has not evil overtaken you, who saw your father shot at, and who died although you tried to save him, when you yourself were wounded? Ah! No, don't speak to me of that which has failed. Gods are the friends of the victors, not of the vanquished." "John," she said solemnly, "the only comfort I knew after that terrible time was to speak to the priest of our holy religion." "Yes, I know you spoke much with him, and what good did he do you? He could not save your father from the surprise. It was not He that saved you from the torture they meant to kill you with. It was I, I alone, Marie; and my dreams led me to do so, when I had never heard of your deity." "Nevertheless it was He who put it into your



heart to rescue me and the others that dreadful night. He is a God of mercy, while yours is nothing but a spirit of terror and war.” “Nay, anger me not,” I said, “for I am better than your priest, who has never talked with his divinity, or heard him speak in the thunder. Who has ever heard that he has given weapons to his people, weapons that always kill, and ensure victory until they are broken or lost? I tell you it was because I let the man near me handle the magic darts that we lost the day, and that the ghosts of our friends are now lamenting on those ramparts.” “I know not what you saw, John, but sure I am that some evil spirit has been playing with your brain, and that anger and hatred may come from your trances, but not the power that can heal the hurts of the heart, and make joyful the ways of men.” Then I felt yet more obstinate and angry and told her that it was the foolish priest who had made her think these things,



and that she would see in time that she was wrong, and that I was right, and that a girl's heart could not beat with the pulses of the warrior, that women "were good to dress skins, for that they could do well, but to put a stout heart beneath a man's skin, that they could not do," and in a passion I went forth, but soon was sorry that I had put sorrow upon her by my heat, and went back and told her that I was sorry, and that she must not be hurt at words, for words break no bones. "But they do more than break limbs if they sunder friendship, John ; yet I forgive you, and we will talk again of those things," she said sweetly. Yet this irritated me again, so not to wound her feelings, I went nor came again for some time, but diligently added yet more carvings to the great stone that I wished to set up as a charm. A sun I cut on the stone with many rays, and a man killing his foe with a spear that pointed towards the



enemy's entrenchments, and a line to signify those walls, with an eagle flying above them ready to swoop. And these figures took me long to do, and after they had been cut, the stone was so covered with emblems that there was no room for more, and I ceased carving. The men from the camp would come and look at me and ask me the meaning, and they were told that this would be more powerful than any war standard, and that we would not leave this place until we could take the stone past the walls that had defied us, and set it up on the top of a mound within the fortifications, that it might testify of our siege and capture of the walls. But other means must be taken, and magic should be used. Meantime the hunters had procured enough meat to set us free from any apprehension of hunger, for the wondrous herds still kept in the neighbourhood, so that there was feasting in the midst of the sorrow for



those who had fallen. These were very numerous, and all had lost friends. Now, although we had food, these men could not come back to share it, but it was deemed that their spirits might assist us by spreading fear in the ranks of the enemy, and it was ordered that the dance should be begun which never ceases until the Saviour comes, and makes the ghosts of the dead arise and leads them to victory over all wicked men, so that they who call the ghosts shall if they die wander with them in the beautiful hunting grounds and never know anything of want, but always feast and hunt, and be joyous as the summer winds. So in the centre of the camp there was a wide space made, and by turns chosen bands of dancers danced round in a ring, following each other in the circle, and making dismal sounds, and they also painted themselves like the dead they called upon. Ever and ever they went round, beating the ground



with their feet as they lifted them, or crouching, made as though they were killing death itself. The musicians beat incessantly on the great war drums, and the holloaing and the dull thunder of the instruments never ceased night or day. The noise was fearful, and the gestures of the men who danced around the ever-renewed circle, brandishing their weapons and howling, were enough to awaken the dead. And I went often and encouraged them to yet more exertions, and told them that perhaps Erinors would appear to them, and give them back the arrows I had lost through no fault of mine. On one of these evenings when all were gathered to watch the ghost dancers, or to see the spoils recently brought in by the hunters, or to lie and chat and smoke, or yet again to spy what the enemy on their walls were about, I sought out Marie. And she rose gladly when she saw me, and came to me with that sweet



smile which was ever restful for my perturbed mind, and was like oil poured into an inflamed wound, and I sat down by her side and told her of all our hopes, of all our preparations, and how the ghost dance was to be kept up, for the whole camp believed in me, and in my advice. And then she took my hand, and said gently, "And, John, will you not also pray to my Great Spirit, as well as to those you have trusted in?" I remained silent, and she yet pressed me and told me that all the soldiers I had seen fighting with such powerful guns near Quebec, all asked her God for assistance. Then said I, "Of what good is that if they both ask the same God, and he gives the victory more to one than to the other?" Yet she persisted and said that it was He who had made them so strong that they could make the cannon, by which wars were more quickly brought to a close, and that, although we did not know the reason,



He would surely give the victory to those that believed in Him most. Then told I her of a rumour that the soldiers of Louis had lost, and that George's men had won, but she would not believe it, and said that peace of mind and the victory over evil was yet of more importance than any other conquest, and that sometimes the God she worshipped gave men evil for a time that they might turn to Him and get the victory. But this did not convince me. But I spoke her fair, and said that if all failed that I tried to effect through the help of Erinors, then perhaps I might try her friends, and see if they had magic more potent than the God whose voice I had heard. She declared that this was in a trance, and that she knew what a trance was like, for it was in such flights of the mind from the body for a while that she was able to know where I was, and to follow me, yet these were good only if sent by her Deity. This I



thought a conceited speech for a girl, but I did not tell her so, for I was resolved this time not to be angry. So I departed from her, resolving to do all that could be done by my own magic, and for this it seemed necessary that I should again visit the mountain, and if I could get yet four arrows more, I might return as the Messiah to my army. Then were the chiefs again gathered together, and I made them an oration, setting forth my reasons why they should continue the ghost dance, until a Messiah should come who would lead them over the ramparts that had defied us. And they answered through the mouth of their most eloquent chief, who was chosen to speak after very much grave counsel had been given, that they believed I was right, for if they continued to dance and call on Manito he would surely hear and send a Messiah to save the people, and give them that which they be-



lieved should be theirs, meaning thereby the goods of the other folk—of their enemies. Then said I that I would go again to fast and pray, and see what my prayers would bring, and that they were after some days to watch the prairie to the northward, and to see if they could behold the Messiah coming to them in answer to their calls, and then that the dead might come to life again, and fight on our side. They all agreed that this could not fail to convince our foes of their sinfulness in defending what had been hitherto their own. Had we not already taken their buffalo? But why was it, one man asked, that we never now saw them save on their walls? And another declared that they had many buffalo, as he believed, within those enclosures, so that they required not to hunt outside, and they asked me if in my wisdom I could see over the walls. And I said nothing, but looked only upward as though



beholding a star, for I liked not to say that I could not look through a wall, when they thought that I should be able to do this. Then I took meat with me, and accompanied by some horsemen the journey to the mountain was begun. And when the blue mass with the flat top appeared near enough above the green plains for the eye to see the dark firs that girdled its base, my escort returned, and I proceeded alone, for it was arranged that they should not again look for me except by turning their eyes on a swell of the prairie that was the highest near unto the camp. I would approach our army again by way of that gentle hill. Thus alone I continued on my way, and arrived without adventure at the fringe of the woods, and as I entered them I looked back upon the plains where nothing could be seen but the winds waving the long grasses that bowed to the breeze, and it seemed as though green waves



were passing silently across the sea, but these waves broke not, but passed on in silence beautiful with the foam only of blossom that heaved upon the breast of their billows. Then with a sigh, for I knew I had pain and starvation and toil before me, I plunged into the woods. Deer fled across my path, and the sun marked in gold and bright spots of light my road until I reached the larger trees that were firs, and which were straight and tall, making the ground brown beneath them, and shutting out the sun. But here I did not begin my fast, wishing to preserve my strength. Then upon my sight came the scene where the army lay before it set out on its march to the south. The spot made me very sad, for what is more melancholy than desolation where we participated in an eventful and crowded life? Many who left those glades in all the pride and panoply of war



were lying dead among an exultant enemy, who seemed to despise even the dead, for they sallied not out of their entrenchments nor took the trouble to inflict more evil on those whom they seemed to think they had sufficiently punished. And in the hush of the forest my fancy went back to the camp, and on my ears came again the beating of the war drums, and the cries of the dancers dancing the ghost dance. And their hopes rested so much on me, and what I would do for them, and yet how little that might be! Would the God hear me, and forgive me for the carelessness in not keeping to myself the wondrous weapons that had fallen near me for me to take and use them? Would he relent? Had he mercy? He knew that I had fought with all my strength, but might I not have better obeyed his commands? And low-spirited I continued my way, sleeping one night at the first part of the steep ascent, glad to have the



shelter of the wood for my lonely rest. On the following morning my steps carried me rapidly upwards, until, panting for breath, I came to the steep slopes bare of heavy timber, and then the bushes too were left behind, and the black precipice soared above me to the clouds. On and on, hour after hour, I climbed, finding again the narrow pathway where the softer rock seam was worn, and arrived at the ledge which was again to be my place of starvation and of vigil. There I lay some long space, sleeping indeed at night, but when the sun could show the country on the other side, arising and gaining the platform I knew so well. There were no clouds about, and I could look down upon the forests and the plains on one side, and on the other to where the blue lake stretched in its immensity till a deeper line of blue marked the horizon, where I thought my boat must first have been tossed about by the gale. All day



I ate nothing, but paced the platform top, and round and round, and peered below where the eagles were wheeling and floating in the clear air, while in the heat of the day a blue mist rose from the far away earth and shore, and mantled wood and all glades and openings and thickets in a dim cerulean haze. And another day passed, and I was parched with thirst, and bore it long, but at last descended again for some distance past my cave, and drank of a spring. And ever the clear air reigned around untroubled by cloud or storm ; and the nights were cold and the days warm. The rage of hunger seemed to me intolerable, yet resistance to this was the only hope of seeing the God. And I lay on my ledge and groaned away the terrible hours. And a fourth, and fifth, and sixth day I managed to exist with the help of the water, but still there was no change and no sign, though I cried aloud for mercy



and a sign. But no sign came, and the appointed time passed, and I felt I was forsaken. Then creeping down as before I reached the camp, and drank of a brook there, and fed again on the meat I had left hidden below. Reflecting that my people and the army must not suffer or be discouraged for my fault, I determined that even yet I would let them believe that I had succeeded, that again Erinors was with me. And I made arrows like unto the first, daubing their points with paint, like to the bright metal, made of a certain clay, and I made my raiment all white with a white clay, and my face also, and I cut a tall wand, and peeled the bark, so that this also was white, and the wing plumes of some swans I shot made me a white crest of feathers that stretched from above my head down my back to the ground at my heels, and so disguised, with part of the white swan's breast on my head and



shoulders, I set out, after halting long enough to be thoroughly refreshed. For I was determined to be to their eyes the Messiah that should come to free them from evil and to carry conquest with him. Again should their war standards advance under my guidance, and the ditch be passed, the walls scaled, and we should rest in peace, and make the dwellers in the mounds our slaves to do our bidding! It seemed very long before I came within the neighbourhood of the army, and making a circuit, so as to keep the little hill between me and them, I advanced cautiously and slowly, bending forward to hear the sounds that must be proceeding from the ghost dancers and the drum beaters. But I could hear nothing, though the wind was favourable, and though I listened often, pausing to bend to the ground to listen. Then when I got close to the ridge of the rising ground I hurried



forward with a great shouting, to let the warriors know I had come. I reached the ridge. Before me far to right and left stretched the camp. The lodges were there, but there was no sound of the dance or of the drum. There was no movement of men. There was no marching of bands of warriors exercising for battle. Silence brooded over all, and I gazed astonished, and rose to my full height, and advanced my wand, that any eyes that watched might see me. Then heard I after a time a scream as of one in despair, and then nothing more, until some time after another cry. Then felt I that some great misfortune had come, and I went swiftly on, shouting my war cry, and calling on Erinors, for I wished to keep up my courage, which was failing me. And again my knees shook as they trembled when the first time I descended from the lofty rock. And presently, when I was quite



near, some persons crawled out of their lodges and feebly answered my cry. Then saw I more, but they all crawled as though wounded. I entered the camp and greeted them, but they called out feebly, "The Messiah has come, the Messiah has come," and a sound of wailing and of feeble crying came to me from many parts. Then questioning the few I first met, I saw that they could scarce speak, for they were covered with spots of black, and were horrid to look upon, and swollen and disfigured. Then knew I that the pestilence had come, and had fed upon the manhood of the natives; and from among the tents rose vultures, and wolves rose from the dead I saw lying in the lodges, and foul smells were in the air, and I stood struck with horror. I stood in my white attire, with the pride of the swan feathers flowing down my back from my crested head, with my wand outstretched in



fear before me, the only strong man in the whole of the great army. All my comrades, loathsome and deformed, crawled around me and jibbered and pointed to the dead, and groaned, for the dead lay everywhere, and there were none to bury them. Alas ! alas ! and I groaned also, and went to the lodge of Marie, where she lay, alive, but helpless and sadly changed. Then ran I to the place where I had left my medicines, and I gave to her those that I thought would do good, and to a few more, as long as the drugs lasted, reserving them for the men who seemed strongest, for in my mind there arose yet a hope. If the plague had come here, it had probably come to the dwellers on the mounds. What if magic might yet avail ? What if we could place the sculptured stone on the centre altar within the mounds ? And a few did get some strength, and after some days were past—days during which every one



seemed dying save those to whom I had given the medicine, three of us lifted the stone and advanced to the walls. There everything was silent, and we got into the ditch where were the skeletons of our dead warriors picked clean by the crows and vultures, and we prized up the stone, and rolled it with great pains to the top of the rampart. Thence we saw a curious sight, for the town of the mound dwellers lay at our feet, enclosed by the great green walls that were shaped in outline like a buffalo lying down when he is wounded or asleep. The town was all built of round-roofed houses made of clay or mud, and in front of each stood the spear and shield of the owner, and the war standards, great spears with skins attached to them, still waved their plumes in line along the ramparts. But there was no one to lift them ; and skeletons of buffaloes lay in scores in one part of the enclosure, where they had



died of some disease. It was a city of the dead, for the plague had begun here, and it was from the mound dwellers that the winds had carried it to our camp. Only the horses remained alive, and neighing they sought in vain the hands of their masters. We rolled the stone down on the inner face, and carried it past the open door of the mound houses, where no man met us or questioned our sad conquest, and we went on, although the smell from the bodies sickened us, until we came to the centre. There rose a great altar, with terraced steps, and on its summit we laid the stone, and called on Erinors. But no sound came, and my companions said, "Let us get back and make more medicine. Perhaps the God will save us now." Then we returned, and I went and sat with poor Marie and told her what I had done, and she said, "Oh! even yet, John, you will not believe in the true God. I thought I should



have died before you returned. Will you not now give up Erinors?" And I, knowing that in weakness a woman must be humoured, told her that I had indeed been grieved by his desertion of us, and hoped her God would do more for us. She was too weak to speak much, but I let her say what she could, and answered her only soothingly. Then she told me that her mind in her illness had gone back to her childhood, and she related how her affection for me had been a strange puzzle to her, for although I had saved her father for a while, and had felt grateful to me for that unavailing act, since he had died so soon, yet that she had felt more and more interest from the first than she could account for. Then she said that her father had been her only parent. And I asked how that was. "My mother was killed by the savages when I was a baby, or quite young, and yet I remember it, and that I



and another child who may have been a brother or sister were there, and tried to awaken my mother where she lay dead, and that is why I have detested the savages, and yet when you came to me, though you were white yet were you also a savage, and yet I loved you, John." Then told I her how I also believed I could remember the killing of my mother. And she looked at me very earnestly, and then said, "John, much as I long to hear you speak, yet if you stay with me, the plague will take you; go, I beseech you." But I laughed at this, for I thought I was secure in having taken medicine to ward off the disease. Still to please her I went, and determined to try once more if my magic would not avail to stay the plague. I passed the rampart and went to the stone on the altar, and poured some of my blood from my arm on the arm of the figure of the crouching warrior, and waited there, and ate nothing, and



lay for a day and a night there. But on the morning of the second day I saw the sky dark to windward, and then to leeward. And as I gazed the black clouds swept up, and began to be illumined by distant flashes. Swiftly they came closing in on every side, and the air grew dark as at night, and nearer came the thunder peals, until they roared and rattled overhead. The lightning was so intense that I could not bear to look at it, yet confident still in my powers I stretched my wand heavenward and prayed to Erinors. Then the heavenly flames ran down from the clouds to earth, yet passed not, but stood,—shaking columns of living fire twixt earth and sky! And I, erect in my plumes and white attire, stood amid these flashes. They divided the atmosphere, and hissed, and ran along the ground until the earth seemed one blue blaze of light, and then would come a pause, and greater gloom, and ever again the



sheen of their wrath sprang out in liquid dazzling streams, and the air was convulsed, and shook and bellowed. Yet held I up proudly my swan crest of plumes, when one ball of light fell on me, and I knew not afterwards what happened. I must have fallen close to the great sculptured stone, for I awoke when the storm had passed, and my white wand was blackened and lay by my side, and I looked up to the stone, and lo! it lay in fragments. Then confusedly rising I staggered back, and went to Marie, and found her lying cold and stiff, for she must have been long dead. But the air seemed cleansed, and the few remaining men said they had seen her come forth and lift her hands and pray as she knelt in the thunder fury, and had told them that her God had heard her prayer. Then believed I that Erinors was nought as compared with the God of my friend Marie, and I wept and acknow-



ledged Him. But I could not stay long in that valley of death and among those natives who believed not in the Great Spirit my beloved Marie had called upon. Yet loved I them well, and gathering some together, ere many days were past, I told them that the plague was stayed, that they would soon be stronger, and bade them move away from the dead. We buried Marie, and I, with all my foolish and useless dress torn away from me by my own hands, stood and wept at her grave. Yet one thing more I then told them in an oration in which my voice faltered like a child's, namely, that I would go away from them now to the east, yet I might return some day to do them more good than had been done by me at this time, for my power would be strengthened when I returned. They would not see me again, perhaps, for years might elapse, and they might be dead, but their children might see



my works for them even if I came not again. I must now depart from among them and go to the rising of the sun. And they crowded round me weeping, and I left them, wearing myself no war paint, but as you see me now. I hear that they and their children still await my coming, and they believe that like the rising sun I shall once more visit the land where Marie sleeps. Nor do I know who Marie was but often I think, that she was none other than the child who wrestled with death, and who sought to awake with me the mother's love for which we both yearned; for when can a man forget the mother who bore him, if his eyes in childhood saw her? Who does not seek to imagine what her likeness may have been even though he himself never saw her? The love that led Marie to seek me remains a mystery. The blue arch of the sky above the vast horizon of those boundless plains looks as though no secrets could



lie beneath it, so open and bright seems all around. But on those fair green meadows man has been, and where his footstep treads there also must remain hidden sorrows, and things that may not be revealed until the last day.

**FINIS.**







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